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MY QUEST.

BY PROF. B. F. LEGGETT.

My friend with me one summer hour
Strolled in the waning light,
But while I paused to pluck a flower,
He passed beyond my sight.

I marveled not, the path did wind
And turn so much; I said,
My eager steps the lost will find
A little way ahead.

Or, if perchance my feet shall stray,
His tender heart will yearn,
And, weary of my long delay,
He surely will return.

So fared I as the foot-path led,
Till long the distance grew;
Alas! his silent feet had sped
Yet farther than I knew.

And still my eager quest is vain;
No lip of song or sound
Brings healing for my growing pain,
And he is yet unfound.

So late he walked the busy street,
The crowded ways of men,
I half expect 'mid those I meet
To see him come again.

What spell can stay his homeward feet?
O summer winds far blown,
Waft back some word of comfort sweet,
Some greeting for his own!

Somewhere he waits, though footpath turns
And crags shut out the light;
I know the star in beauty burns
Though it be out of sight.

So while I watch the ebbing sands,
A faith not wholly dead,
Whispers sometimes of clasping hands
Not very far ahead.

East Greenwich, R. I.

A PRESIDING ELDER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY REV. MARK TRAFLET, D. D.

This old town of Quincy has been the prolific mother of numerous celebrities in the *genus homo*. It has never been, and is not now, a congenial soil or climate for the Methodist plant, and the history of the M. E. Church in Quincy reminds one of the great *monstrum multicaule* fever, or the effort to naturalize the tea-plant in the United States, becoming a miserable dwarf or unsightly hybrid. And yet the year 1790 produced in this old town one of the most successful, and in his day popular, Methodist preachers of the age—Rev. Thomas C. Peirce; and what is a little singular about it is, that the Adams family knew nothing of it, and in all that they have written of the wonderful events which crowd the history of this ilk, this marked event is not mentioned.

A life thus commencing in a region so uncongenial to the religious faith of the subject of this sketch, closed in Lynn, Massachusetts, most fruitful garden, in 1852, then only in the sixty-first year of his age. But what a marvelous period of activity lay between these two points in time! If "that life is long which answers life's great end," then the life we attempt to sketch runs up among the centennaries. Never seeing a well day, bearing about with him what killed him at last—the symptoms of a catarrhal consumption—yet he never flagged, or asked an indulgence; never having a vacation, not pausing a moment in his career, but like the arrow from the string, cutting his way through space, and was gone.

A more complete illustration of the mastery of circumstances history hardly affords. He had little aid from men, or the accidents of what we call fortune. His parents were of the noble poor, and so the lad must shoulder his pack and start out on his march alone. He comes up to Boston seeking his fortune, and happily falls in with the late venerable David Patten, a house-carpenter, or builder, who wanted an apprentice; or rather, the good God wanted some good man to take care of this strapping youth. He should call for him; for what Mr. Patten could see in this little string of bones as promising power to push a jack-plane, or shape a saw, we cannot divine; yet he took him, and he is "bound out" until twenty-one years of age, to learn the art, trade, or mystery of a house-carpenter. He has a good home, a kind master, and steady employment, and he sets himself resolutely and diligently to what he supposes is to be his life-work—a builder. But he was under the eye of One who intended to make of him a builder of other than merely temporary habitations, and a workman that shall not be ashamed by seeing his works perish.

He attended church at old Bromfield chapel, and the venerable Daniel Webb was the pastor. Soon the apprentice became strongly impressed, and these convictions were strengthened by the home influences thrown around him in the family of this pious and devoted man, David Patten. He was soon brought into the light, and "renounced the devil and all his works" once for all. His was not a nature to compromise matters; what was to be done, was done, and that ended the matter. I cannot give the date of his conversion, but as he was born in 1790,

and was preaching before he was twenty-one, it must have been about 1806 or 1807; and thus his conversion antedated that of Father Taylor in the same Church, in 1811, and was probably coeval with that of Thomas W. Tucker, who led the sailor boy to the altar. A happy trio they must have been—Peirce, Taylor and Tucker—and one smiles to imagine the somewhat phlegmatic and staid Tucker breaking in these two wild colts, bringing them into the harness; both impulsive, full of nervous, burning fluid, and as difficult to control as dynamite.

No sooner was the young apprentice converted than he set about converting everybody else; so clear was the way to him, that he wondered all did not see it as he saw it. His rare gift of speech, his fervid style, and deep piety soon attracted the attention of the Church, and before he was of age he received a local preacher's license, and commenced "holding meetings" in the little hamlets around Boston. In those days a local preacher's license meant something, as also did two capital D's. Local preachers were the authorized helpers of traveling preachers, and were not found standing at the corners, because no man had hired them, but were on the sharp lookout for an opportunity to preach Christ. Many of our strongest Churches were planted by these local preachers, who, when the week's toil was closed, put a Bible and hymn-book into their pockets, and walked out into the by-places, and in a dwelling, or school-house, or barn, preached to the eager listeners, and then footed it back, shouting happy and ravenously hungry. In these days of cold conservatism and frigid formality, how refreshingly the tide of memory sweeps back to those scenes of energetic labor and godly triumph! And so whether in harmony with etiquette or otherwise, I must shout, "Glory to God for the old heroic days of aggressive Methodism!"

Young Peirce now commenced his life-work in dead earnest. He made arrangement with his master and bought his time. How long, or what he paid, or how he raised the money to cancel his indentures, does not appear. Perhaps he hypothesized his salary for this purpose; if so, it must have been a long time ere Brother Patten received his due, as he never was paid over \$600 for a year's labor, and this but for a few times, his ordinary receipts being from \$60 to \$150. No wonder he seemed but skin and bones!

His first field of labor, after his freedom, and before joining the traveling connection, was South Boston. A little cluster of houses near the junction of Broadway and Dorchester Streets, made up the village. On this side, mud; beyond, flats. But a few Methodist families were settled here, and the young preacher, after the week's work was done, crossed the old bridge, and gathering the scattered flock together in some kitchen, "preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection." A revival broke out, and the place was too small for them, and they began to talk of a chapel; but where is the money? "Can you get the material?" asks the young preacher. "Yes, we might do that, lumber is plenty and low." "Very well," said the young hero, "get the lot and lumber, and I will build it myself" and so he did. With his own hands, on a lot in "Hawes Place," this young man built the first church in South Boston. Hurrah for Methodist pluck! One thinks of Daniel Webster putting his pack and start out on his march alone. He comes up to Boston seeking his fortune, and happily falls in with the late venerable David Patten, a house-carpenter, or builder, who wanted an apprentice; or rather, the good God wanted some good man to take care of this strapping youth. He should call for him; for what Mr. Patten could see in this little string of bones as promising power to push a jack-plane, or shape a saw, we cannot divine; yet he took him, and he is "bound out" until twenty-one years of age, to learn the art, trade, or mystery of a house-carpenter. He has a good home, a kind master, and steady employment, and he sets himself resolutely and diligently to what he supposes is to be his life-work—a builder. But he was under the eye of One who intended to make of him a builder of other than merely temporary habitations, and a workman that shall not be ashamed by seeing his works perish.

He joined the Conference in 1814, being twenty-four years of age, so that he had spent some five or six years in getting through his college and theological school—his joiner's shop. His first appointment was Wellfleet and Truro. Then he is sent into Vermont. In 1817 he obeyed the ordinance of God, and took a wife—Sally, daughter of Hon. Bradford Kiney, of Plainfield, Vt.—the fruit of which union was Charles H., and Bradford K., the present editor of the HERALD. "And she died" at the early age of twenty-seven, leaving her two little sons motherless, and lies in the old cemetery in Springfield, Mass.

Our old friend was subsequently stationed in Springfield, Edgartown, Nantucket, New Bedford, Lynn and Bennett Street, Boston, in 1838-9—all first-class appointments, and in each he was successful. He was not sensational, yet always popular and acceptable.

In 1843 he was Presiding Elder on the Boston district, when twenty-eight men filled the entire field. This was the first acquaintance the writer had with Rev. Thomas C. Peirce, and as one of his preachers, came into pretty close intimacy with him. He was free and sociable with his preachers, sympathetic, and cherishing a warm interest in each. His visits to the households brought a breezy cheerfulness that

made him always at home. His pulpit ministrations were always welcome and relished by all, and were marked by clearness, richness of illustration, pathos and pungency, which often brought the whole house to tears. If "he that winneth souls is wise," then Thomas C. Peirce was among the foremost of his peers.

Our old friend was not what would be called a handsome man. His bodily presence was weak, but he had a noble head, an expressive eye, and a fine nervous organization which made him really eloquent and often overpowering. He spoke with great rapidity, yet using choice language, and always received and held the undivided attention of his audience. Kind, genial, with a fund of anecdote, he was always warmly welcomed by the younger members of the household.

So he lived and labored thirty-two years in the Conference, and then broke down at once. How he had carried about that diseased body so long is a mystery; how he forced himself up to the point of doing his work, with such a sense of weariness, we may not explain; but doubtless it was his amazing nerve-power which carried him through. "I have made a great mistake," he said to the writer a little before his death. "I should have retired from the field some years since, when I had some vitality left, and some enjoyment of life. Now I am good for nothing." He leaves a good record, and in the great day, thousands will rise up and call him blessed.

ANOTHER COMPLETED LIFE.

BY REV. I. G. BIRDWELL.

No two men are more worthy of being placed side by side than St. Paul and Napoleon, so far as natural qualities and tremendous concentration of energy and purpose are concerned. Paul was the peer of Napoleon, and Napoleon was the peer of Paul in those high qualities which make men great and influential in human society. Napoleon was a prodigy in war and conquest. Paul was a prodigy in religious activity and moral results. Napoleon shook the world with the tramp of armies, and changed the map of the world politically. Paul shook the world with the doctrines of the Cross, and changed the face of the world religiously. But here all satisfactory comparisons end. Only contrasts remain, but these are instructive.

After forty or fifty years of active work and faithful apostleship, Paul finds himself entangled in the net of the world's hatred. He is an old, time-worn, battle-scarred soldier of the Cross. Chains are on his limbs, and he is thrust into prison. Everything goes against him; the sentence of death is pronounced, and he has only a few days left. How does he feel in this crisis? How will he bear up under such a lot? How will things look to him in a final review of his career? What kind of an outlook will the future yield him?

All these questions are answered in a farewell letter which he wrote to his beloved disciple and fellow-worker, Timothy. He does not fret and chafe against his fate as Napoleon did. He does not find fault and quarrel with his jailors and judges. He does not sulk about like an angry school-boy. He does not criticize destiny, and say it might have been otherwise, and it ought to have been otherwise. He does not pace up and down his cell and shake his chains in the face of the world, and then go into eternity with the crash of a breaking heart. No, nothing of all this. The old man is as cheery as a morning lark upspringing to the sun. His step is firm, his voice is calm, his eye is bright, his temper is serene. Heaven is in his soul, and its overflow of joy breaks in wavelets of cheerfulness and holy assurance upon his face. His first thought is, not about himself and his wrongs, but for the purity and progress of the Church; so he charges Timothy, as his official successor, to be faithful in his ministry and pastoral office. "I charge thee before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and dead at His appearing and His kingdom: Preach the Word; be instant in season and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts will heap up to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away from the truth and shall be turned unto fables. But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do all the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry."

One of the most impressive services of the Annual Conference is the charge of the Bishop to the young men who are candidates for admission to the ministry. These charges often are able and eloquent, but none of them can ever equal the charge of Bishop Paul to Timothy. He challenges his fidelity to two of the weightiest motives: 1. The second coming of the Lord Jesus

Christ; and (2) the sad and ever-increasing corruption of society.

Oh, this sublime doctrine of the second coming of Jesus Christ and the day of judgment! How it ought to press upon our hearts, and inspire us for Christian faithfulness! And then that other doctrine of the growth of social corruption—how sad it is, and how can any one help feeling its force! How it ought to spur every lover of Jesus to holy living, to the avoidance of the very appearance of evil, so that the heart of Christ shall not be wounded afresh in the house of His friends!

After this charge to Timothy and the Church, there follow other specific instructions in reference to methods of preaching and Christian work, and then Paul's official duty and responsibility seem to be ended. He casts his mantle upon Timothy, says farewell to the care, and labors, and oversight of the Church, and then yields himself up to further orders from the great Captain of his salvation. How does Paul feel now? How does he feel with all the burdens of office taken from his shoulders? How should we feel if we knew that we had actually come to the end of life's worry and work and responsibility? What kind of an outlook has this old hero, now that the shadows of the invisible are thickening about his path?

Let him tell his own story. Listen to the cry of victory with which he greets his approaching martyrdom. It is one of the noblest death-shouts of sacred history; it is the holiest enthusiasm of faith. Speak, Paul, what is the prospect now? How do you feel about giving your neck to the sword of the licitor? How does your long life in the Christian ministry look to you now, in the light of death and eternity? Tell us something about your personal experience.

"I am now ready to be offered. The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me in that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." These words describe what I call a completed life. They cover its closing moments with a moral beauty that ages can never dim. They are Paul's verdict upon his own life and work, and they are spoken with such sweetness of spirit, with such firmness of trust, with such lofty salutation of the future, as to make them sound more like a birthday anthem than a dying charge.

So the great apostle closed up his earthly life, and went out from our sight and society into the open vision and blessed service of eternity. What a grand finish he made of his earthly ministry—dying with a shout of triumph on his lips, and dying in such a way as to awaken the admiration of all coming generations for his character and faith. What a contrast he offers to the man of St. Helena!

We shall each stand some day where Paul stood, and where Napoleon stood—face to face with death. We shall say, not as theory, but as fact, "The time of my departure is at hand." We shall want to die decently and with dignity; we shall want to say, "Come on, Death, we are ready for you! You can serve us, but you cannot frighten or harm us." All this may be, if we are able to feel in that hour that our lives are completed lives.

It is possible through grace for us not only to have well-rounded, complete, beautiful lives, but it is also possible and right for us to appreciate them ourselves and to fall back upon them with holy self-possession and assurance in the dying hour, that our closing hours shall be dignified, and our closing experience and example shall be full of moral influence and beauty. Just as God looked upon His work and said, "It is very good," so an honest Christian, through grace, may look back upon a true and faithful career, and then look up into the face of his Maker, and say, "I have tried to live for Thee, and I have succeeded; now, my God, I am coming to live with Thee forever!" Paul could do this. John Huss and Luther and Knox and Wesley and Brainerd, and millions upon millions of others, have been able to do this. They devoted themselves to the work of God and the Church while they lived, and when they laid down to die, their beds were set on Pisgah! No shadows of remorse upon their hearts, but pure and perfect satisfaction such as noble work and high faith always give. Of course such an experience is possible only to those who have been wholly consecrated to Christ and Christian duty.

Jesus said, as He died, "It is finished!" His death was a lofty and self-satisfying achievement, and His joy was like the joy of God as He reviewed it and yielded it up to the Father. Paul's death was like that of Jesus, and ours may be like Paul's. A completed life will give a glorious death, but human completeness is only of and in Christ. "And ye are complete in Him," and "ye may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God."

THE BRAHMO SOMAJ.

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

The native of India who is best known at the present time in Europe and America, is probably Babu Keshub Chunder Sen, leader of the Brahmo Somaj. On my recent visit to Calcutta I took occasion to attend the service at the Brahmo Church, one Sunday evening, and to have a little conversation with Mr. Sen, the minister. He is a large-proportioned, handsome man, with full cheeks and thick black hair closely cut, after the manner of the Bengalis, and a small moustache. He was picturesquely dressed in long, white, flowing robes of fine texture. While he preached and prayed—indeed, throughout the service—he sat, cross-legged, on a little piece of carpet placed on a marble platform raised to the height of the tops of the seats. In front of the platform was a small raised space, and on three sides of it were ranged hard benches filling the large room, and these were closely filled with men. Above was a screened gallery for the women, and under the gallery a small pipe organ, the gift of the British Unitarian Association. The notes of this organ blended finely with those produced by the native Bengali instruments, and with the singing added, made very attractive music. All the service was in Bengali. The sermon, as Babu Keshub kindly explained to us afterwards, was on flowers and their teachings.

This illustrates, though perhaps it does not quite fairly represent, the character of the doctrines inculcated and the nature of the movement. It can talk prettily about flowers, their sweetness and purity—in other words, it has some adaptations to the more refined and educated portions of society; but it altogether fails to show any power to move upon and elevate the masses; it does not touch the great fundamental wants of man's nature, or satisfy the cravings of the soul.

This is largely acknowledged in an article in a recent number of the *Calcutta Review*, evidently from the pen of one of the leaders of the movement, and containing by far the best description of the Brahmo doctrines which has yet appeared. It is admitted in this article that "the religion of the Brahmo Somaj presents itself, to a great extent, as an order of theological eclecticism," and that "there is no doubt that any mere theological generalization does not satisfy the deep and powerful cravings of the human heart. It is altogether so abstract and erudite that the millions of the uncultured and unthoughtful, and above all, the sinful and the restless, demand something easier and more practical to hold by." And how is this difficulty met in the Brahmo system? All that its defender can urge is, "That for a long time the most prominent feature among leading Brahmos has been a persistent cultivation of devotional feelings," and that the "manifestations of devotional excitement in Brahmo congregations is very marked."

It is true that some warmth of "devotional excitement" is at times secured in Brahmo meetings. Brahmoism in this respect differs a little from the Unitarianism of England and America, with which in some other particulars it has close kinship. Babu Protass Chunder Mazoomdar, who stands next to Babu Keshub in influence, and who made a tour through Europe two or three years ago, says of the English Unitarians: "The one great deficiency I generally noticed among them was the want of deep spirituality. I must take the liberty to observe that among all classes of Unitarian Christians there seemed to be much more of the spirit and life of religion than among the majority of Unitarians."

Still, even a considerable amount of exalted feeling carefully worked up by long meditation, is a very poor substitute for that sense of sins forgiven, that positive knowledge of God's personal love and pardon which the sinful heart craves. This latter Brahmoism does not even pretend or promise to give. To the crushed and sorrowing spirit of the poor laborer, who knows nothing about philosophical generalizations, and who cries for spiritual bread, Brahmo offers a stone, tells him to cultivate his devotional feelings, sing hymns, practice self-control, and think about God!

When one asks just what the Brahmo creed or system consists of, it is very difficult to get a satisfactory answer. One reason is, as the *Review* writer says, "because the religion of the Brahmo Somaj is not yet complete, it is still in the process of formation; it is impossible to foresee its future distinctly; it has many imperfections, and some of them serious." Its leader is groping about, evidently not satisfied or at rest himself, and perpetually changing in the drift of his thought, now toward this, now toward that, seeking some stable foundations. He seeks, and seeks in vain, to combine diverse and incompatible things, to forge out a new re-

ligion that shall combine all the excellencies and none of the difficulties of the old ones—a Christianity without the Trinity or the Atonement, or Hinduism without caste or idolatry—a Mohammedanism with the special creed of Mahomet. The result is, a strengthless, colorless system, which is far too religious for the worldly and indifferent, and not religious enough for such as really want to be saved.

Hence the number of its adherents is small, and likely to remain so. Indeed, indications multiply, and it is the opinion of those most likely to know, that Brahmoism is steadily declining. The interest that once attended it is fast going, and is largely gone. The following confessions and complaints by a correspondent in a recent number of the *India Mirror*, the Brahmo organ, receive ample confirmation from other sources. He says: "The Brahmo Somaj, that at one time might count its credit in that direction. The rising generation do not feel that interest in it that it at one time had. The work of the Brahmo Somaj in the metropolis is at a stand-still. It is plain that for its own want of energy, enthusiasm, organization, and preaching or lecturing, the Brahmo Somaj has sadly lagged behind, and is losing what it once gained." All this is true, and not surprising. There is nothing in the system to arouse genuine enthusiasm and permanent zeal, or to comfort and truly ennoble the soul. It has no Messiah, no satisfaction for sins, no revelation as to the future. It talks largely about the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, but it has no one to show the Father to mankind, and nothing to call forth that deep principle of love which alone can make men one family.

A decided change has come over the general feeling of the missionaries towards the Brahmos. At first they hoped that the movement would be but a stepping-stone toward Christianity, and it seemed for awhile to be drawing nearer to it. But all that has been altered for some years now. So far from helping Hindoos to become Christians, it is now in some places one of the most serious hindrances in the way. An incident which occurred at Monghyr a few months ago, and which was fully shown up in the *Lucknow Witness*, well illustrates this: An educated Bengalee gentleman, Babu Audhar Lal Sen, was baptized by a Bengalee preacher of our South India Conference. No sooner was it known that he had become a Christian, than a missionary of the Brahmo Somaj hastened to the scene, induced his wife to forsake him, and after a number of interviews, persuading him that Christ was not divine, influenced him to publicly renounce his faith in the Christian religion. The Brahmo missionary unctuously says, in announcing his triumph: "I hope he has now been able to realize the principles of true religion, and the sense of spiritual Christianity; and therefore he makes a public renunciation of his Christian faith." This is not an isolated case; and while Brahmoism spares no pains to destroy the budding faith in Christ of any it can influence, it also works against the missionary by affording a kind of shelter to those who are disgusted with Hinduism, and might otherwise press forward to Christianity. But stopping with Brahmoism, their consciences are in a measure satisfied, their convictions are checked, and they are furnished with a presentable bar against further appeals.

The Brahmos are nearly all Bengalees, who have the most intense nationalism of any race in India, and are the most conceited, as well as the best educated. They do not like to accept a religion at the hands of foreigners, or to become learners at the feet of the missionary. There can be no doubt but that this has a strong influence in turning many to the Somaj. They want to devise a purely Indian form of religion, based on the universal intuitions of man, but having the flavor of the old Vedic faith, and conforming, as much as possible, to the customs of the country. That this will be one day the prevailing religion of the land is, of course, their hope and aim. But they acknowledge frankly that it is not now-a-days making much direct progress; though they claim that it is effectively leavening Hindoo society with its spirit, and that educated natives are unconsciously imbibing its influences, whether they take its name or not.

Some of those influences are decidedly good. It is a protest against idolatry; it disowns the trammels of caste; its voice is heard distinctly in favor of all moral reforms; and it has a high spiritual ideal. But like the old philosophy of pagan Rome and Greece, some of which it a little resembles, it neither attains these lofty ideals itself, nor possesses any power to draw men up to them. Many of its members go back to Hinduism; still more remain careless and worldly; a few, perhaps, in time, may go on to Christianity; but the prospect of accessions from that source is not at present bright. Lucknow.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

At the close of each day we should take up, not only the thoughts and actions of that day, but the purposes and plans for to-morrow, and test them in this way. This self-examination, this constant habit of referring every action to the will of God, is essential to the education of conscience. It is, therefore, one of the most important duties of life, and should be done deliberately, faithfully, and prayerfully.

"Be greatly wise to talk with our past hour, And ask them what report they bore to heaven, And how they might have borne more welcome news."

If upon comparison of an action or purpose with the requirements of God's law, it is found to be in harmony with them, the judgment decides that it is right, and conscience immediately approves or urges the performance of it. If it is found to be in conflict with that law, it is known to be wrong, and conscience dictates that it ought not to be done; and if we obey that dictate we are saved from sin and condemnation. But if the action is already done, the rebukes of conscience not only serve to convince us of its sinfulness, but should also deter us from its repetition and lead to repentance. — *Western Christian Advocate*.

Those men mistake things egregiously who think that this age has nothing to do but to discover the errors of the past, destroy all the great beliefs and great works of our fathers, and pull things to pieces in general. This age has a better mission, another and far better work to do. It is to build upon the old foundations, to hold fast what is tried and true, and to carry the gospel of God to every creature under heaven. A vigorous thinker, in a recent volume, has the true conception, and sets it before us in these timely words: "There is a popular error as to what constitutes true progress and advanced thought. It does not consist in an everlasting digging down to the foundations of the mountains to see whether they stand firm; in pulling up to-day the trees our forefathers planted, and whose verdure and fruitfulness are sufficient proof of their vitality, to see whether their roots are sound. Your true conservative is, after all, your true progressive. If any man thinks we are going to spend the last quarter of this nineteenth century in the making of new creeds and the construction of new ecclesiastical machinery, there must be a screw loose in his own constitution. The engineer cannot spend his life in examining and oiling his locomotive. The time is coming and now is when he must put on the steam, and move forward on the track with which God's redemptive providence has girdled the globe." — *Interior*.

If economy is to be practiced at all, it must be done at the sacrifice of things which the city American has come to consider necessities of life. The whole difficulty of the situation lies here: Past living is a part of our social customs, and it is not merely allowed—it is required of us on high moral grounds. "A father should give his girls good associations." "We ought for the sake of our families to live, in appearance at least, as well as our neighbors." Some years ago, in this New York of ours, a great minister lost the Methodist Episcopacy because he lived in a small house and saved money to pay debts with. The law we impose upon each other is well typified in that case. Thousands of people who cannot afford it, feel shut up to the necessity of inhabiting these residences of nabobdom. It would break the heart of the mother, it would ruin the prospects of the daughter, and it would kill the self-respect of the father, to move into a humble home. The sorrows of bankruptcy may come, but careful management may substitute an accommodation—"the business to be continued"—for a fat ruin; while nothing can restore the lost social position. The builders who go on running up palaces know what is wanted; they may fail to succeed, but if they do, the failure will be a general ruin. — *Methodist*.

The religion of Jesus Christ is not the religion of a book, but the religion of a spiritual life of which the book is but a human record. The inspiration is in the life, not in the page; in the soul that is lifted up by the consciousness of the divine presence, not in the paper and the printer's ink. The faith of Abraham, the patient service of Jacob, the suffering and the forgiveness of Joseph, the persistent heroism of Moses, the trust in God of David, the spiritual hopefulness of Isaiah, the invincible might of Jeremiah's patience, and the heroism and courage of Paul—in these is the true inspiration of the Bible. The Bible is a divine book because it is the record of the experiences of the conduct of men in whom was variously developed and variously manifested a divine life. — *Christian Union*.

We must carry about this mortal body with humility, endure it with patience, and let it die with fresh courage. In this way we rightly labor towards transforming it into that glorious and spiritual body which we expect from the second Adam. — *Stark*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL DISCOURSE.

BY REV. ELIAZER SMITH.

INTRODUCTION I.

As a general rule, apologies in the pulpit are out of place; but I think it not inappropriate to speak a word in the form of apology for myself at this time. The sermon I am about to deliver is mostly written. I have not changed my opinion, that as a general rule, extemporaneous preaching is by far the more "excellent way;" but my discourse is largely historical and statistical, and the memory of one 76 years of age can hardly be trusted. I am aware that not being accustomed to reading sermons, I shall fail to do my discourse justice. One word more: I shall not be able to conform to the modern style of preaching as to time. Instead of fifteen, thirty or forty-five minutes, I may tax your patience for a full hour, or even more.

INTRODUCTION II.

I am aware that some of the statements made in my discourse savor of boasting as a Methodist. The same charge lies against many ardent friends of our Church. We are compelled to adopt the apology of St. Paul, who was obliged to "speak as a fool." So long as we are reported as declining in numbers and influence, and our final and speedy extinction is prophesied, we shall continue to declare what great things God has done for us and by us. In two or three large cities our progress has not been as rapid as in other parts of our world-wide field; therefore the conclusion that Methodism is "dying out." Oracles of denominations, who do not number a membership equal to the two hundred and eleven thousand net increase of Methodists in the United States in 1877, are lamenting our coming end. We will try to comfort them, though it may look like boasting. In truth, we are guilty of boasting, but like all other sinners, we lay the blame on others.

"Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" Eccl. vii. 10.

I propose for our consideration the question, "Were the former days better than these?" or, to be more particular, "Has the progress of Christianity, taking into the account only our own country, and embracing the last half-century, been such as to give assurance of its final triumph?" This question is one of the highest importance. To each of us it stands next to the question, "What shall I do to be saved?" Questions that minister only to the gratification of an idle curiosity or profane speculation, are not worth our attention. Life is so short as to leave no time for trifling, and only that which vitally affects our highest interests is worth a thought. The question before us is pre-eminent. Decide it in the negative, and a dark cloud settles over the future of the race. All our high hopes are extinguished, and our jubilant songs are hushed forever. No longer shall rejoicing millions lift up their glad voices and sing, "Jesus shall reign!" The Book which prophesied, "He shall reign until He hath put all His enemies under His feet," and that "He will swallow every knee bow," will be thrown aside as unworthy of our credence, creating false hopes, and cheating us with promises not fulfilled. It is Satan, not Christ, that John saw going forth "conquering and to conquer."

To admit that Christianity is a failure, is to abandon all hope for our race. He who comes to this conclusion can do but little for the cause of Jesus. We have no heart to work in an enterprise that we expect will fail. Faith in the righteousness and also the success of our undertaking, is indispensable, and especially in the work of recovering the world for Christ. This is a work of faith. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Our personal salvation is secured by faith. Without faith, it is impossible to please God; and faith in God arms us for the conflict. Without it our feeble hands hang down, and like shorn Samson we are weak. Faith makes heroes. Read Heb. ii, and learn the value of faith. I pity the man who despairs of the final triumph of Christianity. He can hardly be assured of his own salvation, for may not that system which fails to redeem its promises toward the race in general, fail to save him? In proportion to his love for Christ and the souls of men, will be his sorrow of heart.

The patriot who sees his bleeding country sinking under its powerful foes, may in his desperation strike back upon his victorious enemy, but no hope nerves his arm. I have in recollection one who is an illustration of this. A purer patriot, or a more devoted Christian, is seldom found than a late president of one of our N. E. colleges; and yet so sad and hopeless a man I have seldom known. As to his political faith, he was of the school of Hamilton—a Federalist of the ultra class. In theology he was a genuine Calvinist of the old stamp. He lived to see his political doctrines everywhere rejected, and his theology, which he believed was "the faith once delivered to the saints," if not rejected, yet toned down, and, as he believed, preached in a diluted form, and seldom heard from in the pulpit or found in the creed of the Churches in its primitive purity. The conclusion was, Christianity is a failure. I well remember a conversation held with him shortly before his death, in which he frankly and sadly expressed his opinion. It was painful to look into the face of that noble Christian and minister, and listen to his desponding words.

"I wish," said he, "I could see it as my brethren do. I cannot. As to our nation, it is already ruined beyond the hope of recovery. Its conservative forces are spent, and national liberty is gone forever. As to religion, the sovereignty of God is not recognized. We have revivals of our own getting up, and the doctrines of grace are exchanged for those of works." Thus was one of God's noblest servants made sad and strengthless by accepting that great untruth that "the former days were better than these."

The history of Adventism for the last thirty-five years, is equally instructive. Thousands of active Christians, despairing of the triumph of Christianity, have been shorn of their aggressive strength or turned it against the Churches. Instead of doing battle for the conquest of the world for Jesus, they are waiting and praying for His speedy coming to destroy the world. Only those who see a conquering Church led by the great Conqueror, can do valiant service for the cause. All our most cherished hopes die out when we lose faith in the final triumph of the Cross. How is it that on this question a conclusion so undesirable as the failure of Christianity, including all revealed religion, should be reached, as it has been, by many in all ages. As far back as history can be traced, we learn that fact, Homer speaks of a former age when men were far more perfect physically, mentally and religiously than in his day, which he calls "this degenerate age." The ancients speak of the golden, the silver, and the iron age—each one declining in physical, intellectual and moral qualities. It is not likely that these were the teachings of tradition, founded on the Bible history of the race—man created in the divine image, pure and upright, but fallen, degenerate? There seems to be a universal consciousness that man is not what he was formed to be. Some great calamity has befallen him. He is degenerate. We cannot well deny this. God would not have created such a being as a sinful man, one so unlike Himself. Between Father and son there is not the family likeness. These were the better days, the days when sin had not "spoiled the six days' labor of our God."

Aged and infirm persons are likely to misjudge this matter. They contrast the present with the past, and, judging by their own experience and feelings, they are likely to come to a false conclusion. To them the sun shines less brightly, the earth is clothed with less beauty, for the days have come in which he finds no pleasure. No wonder that he misjudges, unless God is the strength of his heart and his unfailing portion. Another class judging others by themselves, having lost their "earliest love," conclude that piety is dying out. Happy is that old Christian who while his outward man is decaying, experiences the "daily renewal of the inward man!" Others misjudge by confining their inquiry to one locality or season. If in the circle of their acquaintance religion declines, the world is growing corrupt; or if a prominent individual falls into sin, the former days were better than these. On the other hand, many a hopeful Christian has exulted in the full belief that the millennium has dawned, as a good revival was going on in his neighborhood. The question before us takes in the whole field: "Has Christianity made that progress in the world which gives reasonable assurance of its final triumph?" I propose at this time to confine our inquiry to a comparatively small portion of the whole field, and for a limited time. I now repeat the question: "Has the progress of Christianity, taking into our account only our own country, during the last half-century, been such as to give assurance of final success?" We take the affirmative, and proceed to offer some proofs. Proofs are sure.

1. In the improved material condition of our communities. No one will deny that for all improvement of our temporal interests we are largely indebted to the teachings and influence of our holy religion. Where religion in its purest form prevails, there is found the highest order of civilization. The religion of Jesus sheds its priceless blessings on the whole race. It is the nurse of art and science. It has lightened the severity of labor, and increased the comforts and conveniences of life; the laws of health are better understood, and all that makes domestic life happy much enhanced. Under the same influence the public mind has been enlightened, its tastes cultivated, and all that adorns humanity improved.

2. Its progress is seen in the improved condition of our benevolent institutions. In our asylums the deaf and dumb are taught to read the precious Book of God; the idiotic are blessed with a ray of intellect, and the insane are tenderly cared for. Instead of a miserable hovel, situated far from human abodes lest their insane ravings should pain the ears of others, they are taken to a pleasant mansion, surrounded by a scenery pleasant to the eye, and furnished with all that ministers to a diseased mind. Here the voice of kindness, uttered from a sympathetic heart, falls like music on the shattered intellect, calming its turbulence and bringing order and harmony and peace. Pointing to a solitary grave, one said to me, "There lies the body of a young man, a son of our former pastor, a youth of much promise, whom I helped to bury with fetters on his ankles, which I suppose are now encircling his bones." Our town poor are no longer put in the charge of one whose mercenary, unfeeling disposition prompts him to bid off their keeping at the lowest rate, and make money by confining them to a miserable fare. Now complaints are often made that

such extravagant provision is made for them as gives encouragement to laziness and prodigality.

3. In the statute laws of our land progress is seen. Our laws are an index to the popular sentiment. In proportion to the religious sentiment of a people will be found the character of their laws. In the absence of religion, laws are unreasonable and oppressive. As Christianity advances, among its fruits we find just and humane laws. Apply this to our own land and time. Look into our statute books, and you find abundant proof of the influence of our holy religion. "Take but one case—the law confining poor debtors to jail to enforce the payment of debts, a law which was allowed to disgrace our statute books down to our own day. We might also speak of the law compelling payment of taxes for the support of the privileged order of denunciations, but we will only add in general terms that the laws in force in New England fifty years ago, and which have disappeared from our statute books, were in their operation worthless or injurious, while the enactments during that time have tended to promote the well-being of society.

4. In the administration of justice to criminals. Compare the State Prison of 1817 with that of 1877. Then a number of convicts, old in age and crime, were shut up in the same cell with the untried criminal, instructing the novice in all the arts of crime, together to endure the winter's cold without fire, and the whole year in a stifled atmosphere with scarce any ventilation. No reading was allowed—not even a Bible. On one occasion a Bible leaf, which by God's providence was dropped in the yard, was secretly taken by a convict to his cell, and read by him, for which offense he was severely punished. Visit the prison in 1877, and you find all the comforts of life consistent with justice: separate cells, clean and well-ventilated, a well-selected library, a Bible for each convict, and religious services equal to those of congregations outside! The unhappy man who had learned to hate everything pertaining to religion, now stands before one who loves his soul, and hears the strange language of kindness and compassion. He stands for the first time in the atmosphere of love. He is told of one who loved and died for him; of "grace abounding to the chief of sinners;" and learns the way to the Cross. An experience of fifteen years as chaplain, has fully convinced me that genuine conversions in our prisons are frequent. Of the large number of convicts whom I have attended in their last hours, a very large proportion died in the Lord. What but the increasing power of Christianity has wrought this change? To "seek and to save the lost," was the mission of Jesus on the earth, and the Church that "plucks the brands from the burning" is not a dead or a dying Church. In all the departments of justice as administered in these times, we mark the progress of our holy religion. (To be continued.)

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

SECOND PAPER.

The great Atlanta gathering closed its sessions Friday evening, April 19, at a late hour, on a high tide of joyous brotherly fellowship. It was a gratifying thing to see men from all sections of the land, and all positions in life, joining hands so heartily, and in many cases talking over former differences and now exchanging loving, brotherly words as the deep feeling of Christ love poured from heart to heart. Secular bitterness was entirely done and completely buried as far as the delegates to this convention were concerned.

Gov. Colquhoun presided with marked ability, and his closing address was a model of tenderness and practical sense in regard to the duty of Christian citizens and Sunday-school workers in their love and devotion to the Church and our entire country.

The venerable Stephen Paxson, of Missouri, spoke on the subject of State and county organizations. The first county organization of Sunday-school workers, he believed to be one that he himself arranged for in Scott county, Ill., in 1846, and said that now every county in Illinois had an organization and held its regular conventions and institutes.

The report of the finance committee includes the expense of publishing the report of the proceedings, which will be a valuable contribution to the Sunday-school literature of the day. As the names of the States were called, pledges were taken ranging from \$25 to \$200, to defray the expenses of the committee.

Dr. Vincent, of D. C., 805 Broadway, New York, presided at the opening of the convention. He was so delighted with this address that the executive committee were requested to publish the verbatim report in a separate tract. This was decided upon, and they may be ordered at \$2 per 100 of any member of the executive committee, or of Rev. H. Vincent, D. C., 805 Broadway, New York.

Mr. John E. Seales, Jr., of Hartford, declining re-election on the executive committee, Mr. Frank Allen, of New York, was chosen chairman. The new committee was as follows, besides Mr. Allen: L. H. Bigelow, New York, treasurer; E. Payson Porter, Illinois, statistical secretary; Joseph B. Duggan, of Maryland, D. C., general secretary; Richard M. Scroggs, Missouri; Robert Cowden, Ohio; Rev. Wm. Harris, New Jersey; Rev. George A. Peitz, New York; John W. Ray, Indiana; Rev. S. B. Barlow, Virginia; Rev. M. B. DeWitt, Tennessee; W. R. Burnham, Connecticut; Rev. T. C. Boykin, Georgia; J. R. Welch, D. C., Arkansas; George C. Jones, Pennsylvania; Rev. Wm. Merrill, Ontario; David Morrill, Quebec; W. B. McNutt, Maritime Provinces; C. B. Stout, New Jersey.

A communication concerning the celebration of the centennial of the founding of the English Sunday-school Association. It was referred to the executive committee. The full report of the proceedings of the Atlanta convention will be on sale at the several S. S. depositories throughout the country. Toronto, Canada, was fixed upon as the place for the next meeting.

The children's jubilee was held on Saturday at Ogletown park, and was an immense gathering. The singing at it and all our meetings was under the charge of Prof. Fischer, of Philadelphia. The addresses were by Rev. George A. Peitz, New York, and Rev. Dr. Cunningham, of Tennessee. The Atlanta silver cornet band enlivened the occasion with music, and the thousands of children gathered there enjoyed the occasion greatly.

P. S. I heard nothing of the colored member from Ohio until I arrived in New York. Several delegates were on the floor with their State delegations, and I can assure you, no body was treated with just the same respect as any other members. There was no class-color, sectional or denominational lines in the convention. G.

MAINE CONFERENCE.

SATURDAY.

Rev. B. Lufkin conducted the prayer-meeting. Communications read from the corresponding secretary of the Sunday-school Union and Tract Society were received and referred to the committee on Pastoral Affairs.

A telegram from Dr. Foss, of Wesleyan University, requesting the Conference to elect a trustee for the university, was referred to the committee on Education.

The 4th question being resumed, Merritt C. Baldwin was discontinued, O. S. Pillsbury and S. W. McIntyre were admitted and banded to deacons' orders. W. J. Murphy was continued on trial at his own request.

Roscoe L. Green was admitted and elected to deacons' orders. Merritt C. Pendexter and Loring P. Gould were elected to deacons' orders, and Peter Norton was elected to elders' orders. Alden F. Chase and C. W. Averill were passed and continued deacons of the 21 class.

On the resumption of the 8th question, Joseph Moore, Luther P. French, N. D. Witham, C. W. Averill, and S. M. Emerson, supernumerary, were passed and continued in that list, with instruction that the three latter be requested to locate.

S. F. Wetherbee was made a committee to convey the action of the Conference in Brother Witham's case to him in proper terms.

E. H. McKenney and J. Rice were continued supernumeraries. Charles K. Evans and Nathan Andrews were made supernumerary. Revis. D. B. Randall, K. Atkinson and W. B. Bartlett were made a committee to nominate triers of appeals.

The Conference voted to accept the invitation from the State of Portland, to hold its next session in that city. Rev. J. Collins introduced the following resolutions, which were passed most heartily and unanimously by a rising vote:—Resolved, 1. That we have listened with great satisfaction, to the able and instructive address of Rev. J. Collins, and we are convinced of the central idea of Christianity, and also the central idea of our Methodism; and also consenting to its publication, we should hail it as a rich and permanent contribution of thought and illustration of this great theme. 2. That a copy of Rev. D. B. Randall's recent sermon, which we have heard with such marked interest, and which is so full of interesting incidents, be placed in the hands of the editor, for publication in ZION'S HERALD.

Dr. Stephen Allen presented a very able report on education, in which the interests of the several educational institutions patronized by this Conference were considered. The committee recommended the election of Capt. J. B. Coyle as trustee of Wesleyan University, which recommendation was approved.

Dr. Blake, who has been a member of this Church sixty years, was introduced to the Conference, and made a brief and touching address. Rev. Mr. Rodgers, the delegate from the Conference of Congregational Churches, in a very catholic address presented the fraternal greetings of his Church to the Conference. Bishop Merrill responded very happily.

A vote requesting Bishop Merrill to make no transfers to this Conference this year, was passed. After a trial of one year of the two-district system in this Conference, the Conference voted that it was expedient as soon as practicable to return to the three-district arrangement. The committee on the new Hymnal reported, recommending its use among our Churches. The Conference passed a resolution strongly condemning the practice of ministers in

SUNDAY.

Raining still; but the love-feast brings a house full at 9 o'clock. The love-feast is an institution with the Maine Conference, and Brother McCabe says they are the grandest meetings for light and heat combined he ever witnessed. The meeting this morning was under the leadership of Rev. E. Martin, Presiding Elder of Lewiston district; but the supreme direction of the love-feast was from on high. The stately tread of God was apparent through all the meeting. One hundred and thirty-three testified with their lips; two hundred more testified by their radiant faces and victorious services. It was difficult to station these ministers, I thought.

Bishop Merrill preached at 10:30, on John xvii. 23. His subject was the glory bestowed on the Church, the condition of her unity and power. The glory given Christ in the sense of the text, was, 1. The glory of a perfect human character. 2. The glory of a special outpouring of the Holy Spirit. 3. The glory of the work and work in the salvation of sinners. 4. The glory of work rewarded. The Church is made to share His glory in all these respects, and in these she is a unit. The sermon was a masterly putting of these points, and not only addressed itself to the intellect and conscience, but to the hearts also of the packed congregation which listened with increasing interest for one hour and a half. The sermon was an example of baptized logic.

At the close of the sermon, O. S. Pillsbury, W. S. McIntyre, M. C. Pendexter and Loring P. Gould were ordained to the office of deacon.

Rev. C. C. McCabe, D.D., preached at 2:30. Dr. H. P. Torrey led the devotional services. The Doctor's sermon was based on the 15th and 16th verses of the 24 chapter of Ruth. During the progress of the sermon, which discussed Christian work and workers, everybody felt like doing something for Jesus and with Jesus in saving this world; and were also impressed that Christ and His methods were about all the world needed.

At the close of the sermon David Pratt, O. D. Lindsay, R. L. Green and Peter E. Norton were ordained to the office of deacon.

The evening meeting was a continuation of the morning love-feast. The day throughout was a grand day for Methodism.

MONDAY.

Conference prayer-meeting from 8 to 9 o'clock, conducted by Rev. W. B. Bartlett. Conference convened at 9 o'clock.

The committee on Freedmen's Aid Society reported and the report was adopted.

A. Hatch, treasurer of Preachers' Aid Society, reported, showing a fund of about \$1,500 in the treasury. J. R. Blake, chairman of the committee raised to consider the cases of those brethren who had left their charges and the charges which had rejected their ministers, reported, exonerating the ministers from blame and condemning the charges which had so rejected their ministers. A resolution recommending that wherever practicable our church edifices be secured to the Church by deed of gift, was adopted.

The stewards, showing \$1,234 received, and disbursed as follows: viz: Supernumeraries, \$600; widows, \$570; and to effective men, \$150; leaving \$139 in the treasury of Preachers' Aid Society as a contingent fund. Rev. I. G. Sprague was made supernumerary at his own request.

The committee on temperance reported through I. Luce, recommending a law making the conviction for first offense for selling liquor punishable with imprisonment. The committee on Sunday-schools recommended attendance upon S. S. congresses, and denounced in strong terms the Oliver Optic style of literature for the Sunday-school library. O. M. Conness and S. R. Leavitt were elected members of the executive committee of State S. S. Association. The report on Church Extension was adopted. Dr. Allen, president of the Domestic Missionary Society, reported \$700.00 raised during the past year for mission work within the bounds of this Conference. This was equally divided between the two districts. Under the 2d question, A. T. Hillman, G. T. Holmes, Geo. L. Burbank, E. S. Stockpole and William Harper were admitted on trial. Bishop Merrill was requested by the Conference to appoint Brother Harper professor in State Normal School at Farmington. The Bishop was also requested to appoint Dr. S. Allen superintendent of Girls' Industrial School at Halliwell.

The committee on Memoirs reported through Rev. C. Fuller, chairman. Rev. J. Fairbanks, born in Harrison, Me., April 1, 1811, died May 16, 1877. Rev.

Reuel P. French, born July 30, 1834, died Aug. 29, 1877. James Armstrong entered Conference 1854, died Nov. 22, 1877. Noah Hobart, born in Temple, April 20, 1814, died in Augusta, Dec. 30, 1877. The brief memoirs were followed with remarks made by Bros. Atkinson, Smith, Ladd and Day.

Rev. C. W. Morse led the Conference in prayer. We seemed walking near the border-land.

Prayer-meeting from 2 to 4 o'clock, conducted by Rev. A. Turner. The Bishop not coming in at 4 o'clock, Rev. D. B. Randall was chosen to preside over the Conference.

The committee on Bible cause reported through Rev. L. H. Bean. Report adopted. A resolution disapproving of holding camp-meetings over Sabbath was passed by a small majority.

The Bishop resumed the chair. Rev. D. B. Randall, chairman of the committee on Pastoral Affairs, read an able paper touching on state of the country. Sabbath schools, tobacco, amusements, family religion, benevolent collections, Sunday-school and Tract Society. The Conference voted to place the address on file and publish it in the minutes.

The following Board of Church Extension was presented by the Bishop and confirmed by the Conference: E. Clark, president; Rev. D. B. Randall, vice president; C. A. Aldrich, recording secretary; Rev. C. J. Clark, corresponding secretary; J. A. Stoughton, J. B. Colby, J. A. Strout, J. C. Perry, J. B. Donnell and J. J. Perry, additional members.

The Bishop announced the examining committee for next year.

The following fraternal visitors were appointed: General Conference of Congregational Churches, Rev. H. P. Torrey, D. D., LL. D., Maine Baptist convention, Prof. J. L. Moore, Free Baptist yearly meeting, Prof. A. F. Chase.

The Conference passed a resolution expressing their high appreciation of Bishop Merrill's services during the session, and expressing thanks for his kindness and courtesy, and also for his able addresses and sermons.

Complimentary resolutions were voted on Capt. C. W. Kayer, editor of the Farmington Chronicle, to the citizens of Farmington for their great hospitality, to Brother Manger and the committee on entertainment for their kindness and care, to the railroad, and to the secretaries of Conference.

A vote of thanks to Dr. McCabe was responded to by the whole congregation. During all this stormy week, the Doctor has helped to keep the blues from the Conference. His sunny face and sweet songs have been a continual benediction. The Bishop's closing address was characteristic, strong, practical and encouraging to the brethren, and almost made us feel that the poor appointments were better than the good ones.

In the evening Dr. McCabe delivered his lecture on Sunday Side of Libby Prison. The house was packed to the full. The Doctor has realized about \$750 toward the Salt Lake Methodist Church during the week. We lingered long to shake hands with each other, and finally said our good-by for the year. Thus ended one of the most spiritual and profitable sessions of the Maine Conference.

Our Book Table.

THE VOYAGE OF THE CHALLENGER: The Atlantic. A Preliminary Account of the General Results of the Exploring Voyage of H. M. S. Challenger, during the Years 1873 and the Early Part of the Year 1876. By Sir C. Wyville Thomson. In two vols., octavo, 301-340 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

These noble volumes are profusely illustrated with maps and descriptive cuts. The first scientific voyage, in which the depth of the Atlantic in various places was ascertained, and the character of its sea-floors was discovered, was from Cape St. Vincent to Gibraltar, thence to Tenerife, and thence across the ocean to Sombro, a West Indian island, and to the Bermudas. Graphic descriptions of the elaborate machinery for deep sea-dredgings are given, with pictorial illustrations, as also of the great variety of fauna, and the life it supported, down to the amazing depths of the ocean. The second volume gives the voyage from the Bermudas to Madeira, thence to Brazil, and afterwards to the Cape of Good Hope. The mean depth of the Atlantic was found to be about 2,000 fathoms. Sometimes they traced high ridges about 1,900 fathoms below the surface, and sometimes their wonderful sounding apparatus dropped into abysses over 3,000 fathoms deep. The results of the examination of the "ocean" from the sea bottom have been made the subject of interesting scientific discussions, giving the death-blow to the theory of the self-origination of life in its gelatinous masses. The hearers of Mr. Coe's lectures will long remember his wrestling with "bathylus," and the use of the scientific discoveries of the Challenger. The story of the voyage, and of the daily incidents, the wonderful revelations of the sea-bottoms, and the interesting generalizations of the scientific corps on shipboard, are told in untechnical and graphic style, in the pages of these noble volumes. We have in preparation a paper for our first page, giving a more detailed account of the results of this novel and very important exploration; but we recommend to all our readers who can afford it, to purchase the volumes, and enjoy their reading for themselves.

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF METHODISM. By Bishop Matthew Simpson, D. D., LL. D. Philadelphia: Everts & Stewart. Royal octavo, nearly 900 illustrations, 1827 pp. The great literary and denominational undertaking, to which we have alluded a number of times, is at length completed, and is already in the hands of early subscribers. It is a noble monument to the persistent labor and varied abilities of its editor. How he has found time, with all his ordinary and extraordinary labors, to accomplish this great work, we do not see; but here it is, a treasure-house of invaluable facts, statistics, discussions and descriptions, interesting and valuable as a book of reference to all general scholars and readers, but especially convenient and invaluable to the people called Methodists. In the biographical department, especially of living men, there will be found opportunity for criticism. Many conspicuous names will be missed, and some not so conspicuous will be found occupying considerable room; but as a whole, the work is admirably done, and has already found a very wide distribution throughout the country. The mechanical portion of the work is excellent. Paper and type are of the best quality. The cuts are better than the average; although some of the faces, the President of Syracuse University for instance, are those of sorry knights, and do poor justice to their well-known subjects. But the good far exceeds

the inferior; and the book is a great addition to your denominational literature.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT, by Francis Whitaker Palmer. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 16mo, 300 pp. We set down to look over this little volume, with the face of its subject as a frontispiece, but before we put it down, we read it through. There is a wonderful fascination to those who have had sons, or other relatives, in the army, in the terrible days that now seem like a hideous nightmare, in personal recitals about the incidents and battles of the war. The subject of this volume was equal fame by his bravery and skill in arms, and by his nobility of character and eloquence of speech after the war was over. He stands out as the exceptional knight, among a score of others—the pride of the State—as he is remembered for years as a model of manly and soldierly qualities, and for the milder, but not less noble and unselfish virtues and magnanimities of the hour of peace. The sketch of this very attractive life is every way becoming its subject. It is simple, unaffected, manly, and true to the facts of history and character. The volume is an excellent one for the reading of our young men. The premature death of General Bartlett was a great grief, not simply to a deeply-learned family circle, but to the State that was proud of him, and to its citizens almost universally.

From the same house, tastefully published, with wide margins, we have the last poem of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, contributed to the pages of Harper's Monthly—KERAMOS—with the other later and unpublished poems which have been coming from the treasure-house of the well-known, unwarmed American laureate. It forms a charming basket of gems, which will retain their sparkle long after the beautiful setting is worn out.

THE SCHOOL AND THE FAMILY: The Ethics of School Relations, by John Kennedy, Instructor in Teachers' Institutes, 16mo, 205 pp. This is a very sensible and important little manual. It considers nearly every phase of the question of school discipline, as related to pupil, teacher, parent, and community. It has also valuable chapters upon school ethics—one of the most delicate and most vital of subjects. The volume should be carefully studied by teachers, and will be profitably read by parents, and all friends of public education and guardians of the young. Harper & Brothers, Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Oliver Dilton & Co. add another to their valuable list of musical text-books—REED ORGAN MELODIES, by William H. Clarke. Quarto, 300 pp., price \$2.50 boards. This useful manual gives some 120 pieces, especially adapted to the popular reed organ. Those who are capable of forming a critical judgment, give unequalled testimony to the taste in selection of melodies, and their adaptation to the instrument intended, contained in this volume. They are varied, fresh and sweet.

THE ENGLISH IN IRELAND, by Thomas Adolphus, published in Philadelphia by J. L. Soble & Co., and for sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co. is a sharp rejoinder to the article of Edward A. Freeman, entitled, "The Turks in Europe." The motto of the little tract intimates its character—"People who live in glass houses," etc. The author attempts to turn the force of the historical criticism of the character of the Turkish rule in Europe since its earliest establishment, by arranging the course of England in her government of Ireland and her people. It is a sharp, lively review; but it proves little, for if the British have failed in Christian moderation in Ireland, it does not, by any means, mitigate the horrors of Turkish rule in Southeastern Europe. The little volume contains lively reading, however.

Houghton, Osgood & Co. add to their list of pocket series, FAVORITE POEMS, by Leigh Hunt, and ESSAYS FROM ELIA, by Charles Lamb.

The Harpers send us, in their Half Hour Series, GORDON'S VOYAGE, by Mrs. L. L. Adams; and the publisher, in paper covers, THE HISTORY OF A CRIME; The Testimony of an Eye Witness, by Victor Hugo—the dramatized history of the last siege of Paris and of the rule of the Commune.

LITERARY NOTES.

Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, announce for early publication, "A Trip up the Volga," to the Fair of Nijni Novgorod," by H. A. Munro, Butler-Johnstone. The great interest now taken in everything pertaining to Russia, and the manners and customs of her people, makes the publication of this work very opportune. The London Saturday Review, speaking of it, says: "Under the title of 'A Trip up the Volga,' with the Fair of Nijni-Novgorod, which is described in detail, as his ultimate object, he takes a comprehensive glance at the vast empire of the Russians, its trades, its resources, and its mingled subject races. He has much to tell of the history of these regions, which his well-informed countrymen ought to know, but do not know, and which, even were we possessed with the spirit of inquiry, we might find considerable difficulty in learning for ourselves. He adds a great deal which could only be gleaned on the spot by an observant man traveling leisurely with good introductions, and habitually satisfying his curiosity in intercourse with Russian fellow-travelers. A new edition of Prof. Jordan's 'Manual of the Vertebrates of the United States' is in progress. It will be enlarged by the addition of nearly one hundred new species, and in it the nomenclature will be brought fully to date of publication, and all the latest discovered species made known by our active band of ornithologists are included. The fishes are entirely re-written; all the genera are fully and exactly characterized, many of them for the first time; and the names used are those adopted by the Smithsonian Institution, the U. S. Fish Commission, and by the Government Surveys. A list of the works treating on American vertebrates, which has been found most useful to the writer, is included, which students wishing to begin the scattered literature of the subject." The work has the hearty approval of Prof. F. H. Colver, Dr. Coues, Dr. Gill, Prof. Allen, Mr. Henshaw, Prof. Ridgway, Prof. Forbes, Dr. Wilder, Prof. Goode, Dr. Yarrow, Prof. Milner, and of the best students of American vertebrates generally. It will be published immediately by Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.

NEW MUSIC. From Oliver Dilton & Co.: Instrumental—The New Silver Dollar March, by E. Mack; Meadow Dance, by Gustav Lange. Vocal—My Faith Laid Up to Thee, English words from Hyman, music by A. McC. Wright; Behold the Love of God, by the same; Garden of Roses, words by William Story, music by Virginia Gabriel.

From the same publishers: Vocal—Give a Cheer for Stanley, words by Geo. Watts, music by Chas. E. Pratt; Benediction, by S. N. Pendell. Instrumental—Taranella, by Schumann; Echo des Montagnes, by Streabrog; Old Folks at Home, with variations, by A. E. Warren.

THE SUNDAY

Second Quarter. I.

May 10. Dan. ii.

BY REV. W. O. HOLMES.

DATE: B. C. 603.

CORRESPONDENTS: Khabul, Nebuchadnezzar, Daniel, Ezekiel, Jeremiah.

CONNECTION. In the second chabdezzar's reign, shortly after his companions had been three-years' curriculum themselves to be "ten" the magicians and astrologers, the king dreamed a dream which he greatly, but which, on his recall, he summoned to reveal to him his forgotten dream. In a night vision the extravagant pretensions of the men in their despair protestations of heard-of exaction, and their furious at their failure, order, and wholesale slaughter of the first intelligible of the dream. The first intelligible of the dream, in a night vision, revealed to Daniel. The wise men were saved, and giving which Daniel offered, and in his interview with the 30, the "God that revealeth the honor due to His name."

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

In "clear and solemn slumbers of the night, the field a marvelous image, the 'gold' lowered high, and arms of silver, and the belly and

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

2. THE MEDO-PERSIAN. Tracing the image downward, Daniel next interprets the breast and arms, which were composed of silver, as a second universal monarchy, of inferior quality to that of Babylon. This is generally recognized as the kingdom set up by Cyrus—the Medo-Persian—which succeeded Babylon b. c. 538, and lasted about two centuries. According to Cummings, Media and Persia were the two arms, and Cyrus

2. How transient is human greatness. The great walls of Babylon, on which, as we read, six chariots could ride abreast, are no more. Its magnificent temple, which caught the first rays of the rising sun, and reflected the last beams of the setting sun, the palace in which the choicest wines were drunk and the sacred vessels of the sanctuary were profaned—all are gone. The

all who know them. Such a man will tell you the best of them are groping about in the dark; it is one continuous round of experiment. The principle of antidotes has proved unsatisfactory, a failure. A. H. Stevens, M. D., says: "Older physicians grow the more sceptical they come in the virtue of their own medicine." Professor Willard Parker says: "Of all sciences medicine is most uncertain." Professor E. H. Day says:

"THE VITAL EFFECTS OF MEDICINE ARE LITTLE UNDERSTOOD." J. Mason Good, M. D., says: "The science of medicine is a barbarous jargon." Dr. Brostwick, author of "History of Medicine," says: "Every dose of medicine is a blind experiment." Professor Evans, M. D.: "The medical practice

As before stated, most physicians treat every pain separately, while they are only each a part of the great whole, proceeding from or growing out of a fundamental cause. First, the stomach: and, the liver.

REGULATE THESE TWO ORGANS, especially the first, so they perform their function properly, and you will remove at least nineteen-twentieths of a life's ills that man is heir to in any or other climate. Prove this, you may as well as say, "The whole thing is a nutshell. No mystery at all. The first stomach receives the food, with other preparation than what mastication has afforded, and feeds the stomach to health. Gastric

yellow fever, who had a sound healthy stomach and liver. These last two diseases come from decomposed vegetable matter that vaporizes and pervades the atmosphere with its poison, and is taken into the system, but never lodges in the liver, while the various organs perform their proper functions. So with any other fevers. So long as there are no obstructions, that disease is impossible. But if, on the contrary, we find ourself complaining, more or less, we rush headlong to a remedy—some poison as an antidote to kill the poison. The disease may be in the form of biliousness, which is a mild type of malaria manifested in the stomach, or it is fever and ague, or more violent type of malaria. We perceive

pad" will prevent yellow, Chagres, typhoid, bilious, tential, congestive and all kinds of diseases. This has been tested and proven in so many cases that we state it positively and without qualification. It will prevent summer complaints by keeping your bowels regular. It will prevent dyspepsia by absorbing all poisons and arousing nerve activity in the stomach and liver. It will prevent all heart diseases (other than organic). It is the only medicine we meet with other than functional symptoms of heart disease, which proceeds from stomach derangement.

IT HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED

through the possibility of a doubt that it will prevent chronic internal rheumatism and it will

done with safety, and more promptly than we think that you could dare to give it. It is most pernicious to a child. Opiates are very bad. They only make the case worse. The medical faculty are wronging them thus frequently and largely. I think I am urging these facts upon you too soon. By the love I bear my own child, I would have his father pay \$10,000.00 for an entire misadventure. I tell you, you and we the Lat wads I should ever utter, the still be the same - that, for children of a kind is the one treatment first of all. This is the only way to save the life of the child. So to your care which must needs be truly watchful, give this mat or your innocent and most serious attention. In consequence to you, learn to be your own practicing under the diploma of the faculty

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[For scholars between the ages of 13 and 18.]

- Commercial.**
- BOSTON MARKET.**
- May 7, 1878.
- FLOUR—Superfine, \$5.00 & 4.00; extra, 4.75 & 4.25;
No. 1, 3.75; Michigan, .75 & .65; St. Louis, \$6.00
& 5.25; Southern Flour, .62 1/2 & 57.
CORN MEAL—\$2.50 & 2.40 per bu.
OAT MEAL—\$2.00 & 1.90 per bu.
CORN—Mixed and Yellow, 45¢ & 37¢, bush.
OATS—37 & 36¢, bushel.
RYE—75 & 70¢, bush.
SUICORS—\$15.00 & 12.00 1 ton.
FINE FEED—\$10.00 & 20.00 1 ton.
SEED—Timothy Herb Grass, \$1.45 & 1.35; Red Top,
\$1.65 & 1.55; Bander Bar, R.I. Bent, \$3.00
per 100 bush.; Clover, 75¢ & 50¢, bush.
APPLES—\$1.00 & .50 per bu.
BECKY—\$10.00 & 12.00 for mares and extra mares
and \$12.00 & 15.00 per bu., for family.

coffee crushed, $7\frac{1}{2}$ @ $9\frac{1}{4}$ c. $\frac{7}{8}$ lb.

DRIED APPLES—17¢ lb. sc. whl.
 ONIONS—\$1.00 to 1.50 lbs. bbl.
 SWEET POTATOES—\$2.50 to 3.00 lbs. bbl.
 CRANBERRIES—\$3.50 to 2.00 lbs. whl.
 ORANGES—\$4.50 to 5.00 lbs. box.
 LEMONS—\$1.50 to 4.00 lbs. box.
 FIGS—9¢ to 10¢. whl.
 RAISINS—Malaga, \$2.00 per box; Sultans, 9¢ and Valencia, 7¢. whl.
 CURRANTS—7¢. whl.
 DATES—4¢ to 6¢, as to quality.
 CITRUS—15¢. whl.
 PEACHES—9¢ to 10¢. whl.
 MAPLE SYRUP—10¢ to 12¢. whl.
 MAPLE SYRUP—6¢ to 7¢. whl. gallon.
 HERRING—The past has been a quiet week for herring. The current rates prices are quite unsatisfactory, as the cost cannot be realized. There is a steady export demand for Corn, but trade has not purchased to any extent. Beef makes the same, and continues to be taken in large quantities.

You have not been invited here for the purpose of being treated to an intellectual repast. Neither is it my object to utter an unkind word where it is not called for. I have no wish to see you wander into any extravagant statements not in keeping with the facts. I know my own heart, and have to tell you in plain and simple language that I have no wish to see you make a statement of a kind that would reflect on your attainment, and endeavor to make you feel acquainted with yourself; also to learn the correct cause of nearly all the diseases man is heir to, and to be able to give a rational explanation of them. I do not only to prevent, but to cure the same. The question will be treated seriously, as fairly, as I can. And, right here, I will tell you that I have no higher regard or respect for you than for any other person, and that I have no other reason for my interest in you than your suffering from disease.

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As before stated, most physicians treat every pain separately, while they are only each a part of the great whole, proceeding from or growing out of a fundamental cause. First, the stomach: and, the liver.

REGULATE THESE TWO ORGANS, especially the first, so they perform their function properly, and you will remove at least nineteen-twentieths of a life's ills that man is heir to in any or other climate. Prove this, you may. The whole thing is a nutshell. No mystery at all. The first stomach receives the food, with other preparation than what mastication has for it, and feeds the stomach to health. Gastric

yellow fever, who had a sound healthy stomach and liver. These last two diseases come from decomposed vegetable matter that vaporizes and pervades the atmosphere with its poison, and is taken into the system, but never lodges in the liver, while the various organs perform their proper functions. So with any other fevers. So long as there are no obstructions, that disease is impossible. But if, on the contrary, we find ourself complaining, more or less, we rush headlong to the remedy—some poison as an antidote to kill the poison. The disease may be in the form of biliousness, which is a mild type of malaria manifested in the stomach, or it is fever and ague, or more violent type of malaria. We perceive

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The Family.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES."

BY MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

Behold the great God-man, so lowly, so tender,
Imparting His lessons of beauty and love;
So grand, yet so simple, so vast in their import,
Portraying His goodness—our Father above.

Consider the lilies! No rich, regal splendor
Can equal their grandeur; no charming array
Earth's greatest wealth of magnificent glory
Compare with the lilies that bloom in our way.

"Consider the lilies!" What volumes they teach us
Of truth—God's omnipotence, wisdom, and love!
What monitors they are to remind of His promise,
And teach us to trust for supplies from above.

Poor, troubled disciples, so worn and so weary,
Oppressed with life's burdens and poverty's gloom,
Oh, think of His teaching—your own precious Saviour—
"Consider the lilies!" be cheered by their bloom!

"Consider the lilies!" oh, wonderful lesson!
Could ever a murmur or question arise?
God's "riches in glory" are pledged to sustain us;
His great hand is open to give us supplies.

A METHODIST SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.

BY R. J. ATTWELL.

The 30th of April, this year, marked an era in the history of the Methodist Church in this city, in its semi-centennial anniversary of the laying of a corner-stone of a new church edifice in North Bennet Street, and one of the most frightful accidents which have ever occurred here. Nearly two generations have passed away, and while there are a large number of residents of the city whose memories can go back of that period, in the changes which have taken place, the presumption is, that there are but a few persons, comparatively, of those who were familiar with the events of that day, who are now living. Even the non-residents. It may further be presumed that but a small portion of our large population have any knowledge of the occurrence.

The first home of Methodism was at the North End, where, it may be said, the stimulus, if not the originators, of the measures which led to our war of Independence, had also a home, and where in early days the principal men of Boston had their residences. Yet the good people who welcomed Jesse Lee there, were humble enough to build their first house of worship in an obscure alley, now known as Hanover Avenue, but named, in deference to the Church and people who worshipped there, "Methodist Alley." This building, as remembered, was a very plain structure, not so good as many barns in our days, but answered the purpose of the worshippers some thirty years. The building, by some means, was brought out of the alley, and is now used as a carpenter's shop in Merrimac Street.

It may appear strange to many persons, that fifty years ago there was but one Methodist society in this city, while there were two houses of worship. After the erection of the house in Bromfield Street, an incorporated board of trustees managed the business affairs of both places, and two preachers were assigned to this city, alternating in their duties to each. The late Rev. Joseph A. Merrill and Rev. John Newland Maffitt were the preachers in charge that year. Mr. Maffitt, a native of Ireland, was then in the height of his popularity, and crowds of people thronged to hear him, and were carried away by his fervid eloquence. The old house in Methodist Alley became too strained for those days, and measures were taken for the building of a larger and more commodious house, which should be equal in capacity to that in Bromfield Street. The building committee at first selected a site on the corner of Hanover and Shene Streets, running back to Garden Court Street, which was once probably a part of the estate of Gov. Hutchinson, whose old mansion was then standing on the street last named. From some reason, after they were authorized to purchase it, the choice was relinquished, and another site was selected on Bennet Street, where the work of building was rapidly forwarded, and the ceremonies at the laying of the corner-stone were fixed for the last day of April. Under the circumstances, as might be expected, Mr. Maffitt was designated to deliver the address on the occasion.

In the plan of the building, which had become common at that time, the vestry was made a basement, the floor being a little below the level of the street. The walls were up above the vestry, and a flooring was laid for the body of the house, to accommodate the large number of persons expected to be present. Mr. Maffitt commenced his address near the centre of this flooring, but there being a large crowd in the street, for the better accommodation of the larger number, he moved his position to the northwestern corner, in part, or wholly, upon the wall. How great an effect this change produced, can only be conjectured, yet the probabilities are, that but for it, a much larger number of persons would have been injured, with far more serious consequences. The

address was a little more than half delivered, when after anticipating the changes which were to take place in the growth of the denomination, in that future period in which the walls of that house shall crumble, he was horror-struck at the sinking down before him of a large portion of his congregation. Something near a quarter part of the entire flooring nearest the corner where the preacher was standing, and where the crowd was the most dense, gave way, and two hundred or three hundred persons were precipitated into the basement, about eleven feet. The giving way was in such a manner as almost tunnel-like to pile the crowd together, and the wonder was that many were not killed outright. A bed of mortar served in some measure to soften the fall, and those who were not seriously injured, came out in a sorry plight. Fortunately the numerous, outside, uninjured persons were enabled quickly to rescue the many who were unable to help themselves.

The occurrence of the accident was soon noised abroad in the city, and created great excitement. At that time the population of Boston was not much greater than now in Cambridge or in Worcester, yet more compact, and the accident was soon generally known. It may be for that reason that an evening paper in those days, believed to be the only one, had less than a dozen lines, and the morning papers of the next day had by no means a full account of it. This being Wednesday, it was left for the semi-weekly papers of Friday or Saturday to go much into particulars. All of the surgeons and physicians were immediately summoned to attend the injured persons, and the carriages of the city were put in requisition to take the wounded to their homes. One who had a long ride to take, quite to the South End, remembers the ride as the most painful ever endured by him; and although measures were taken to make it as comfortable as possible, they failed, from not knowing the extent of the injuries.

There were no deaths immediately resulting from injuries, while there were several whose injuries ultimately caused death. Col. Benjamin Hayden, a revolutionary soldier, formerly of Braintree, had both legs broken, and his head injured, and lived but a few days. The wife of Capt. John G. Scott and Mrs. Maxwell died also in a short time from their injuries. Mrs. Motley, wife of Wm. W. Motley, a prominent citizen, who was a very fleshy woman, probably suffered more than any other person, living many years a cripple, her injuries being a fracture and a severe flesh wound, which was not for a long time, if ever, healed.

It may be supposed that there were inaccuracies in the first published accounts, in the names of persons and of their injuries, no less than there are in the hurried publications of such occurrences in these days. The publication of the Zion's Herald being on the day of the accident, there was nearly a week for the making up of a revised list; and its account must have been as nearly correct as it was possible to make it. The list gives the names of about twenty who had broken legs mostly, with some broken ribs. There were also nearly fifty more, who received injuries, internally, in some instances, and probably more serious than were supposed; while in other cases there were but sprains, bruises, or slight injuries. Some bruises, too, which would have been called slight, still give a remembrance to those who received them, and yet survive, while the broken bones long since healed. Those who believe, as is sometimes asserted, that they can anticipate storms or other atmospheric changes through their effects upon their bones, might find confirmation of their belief in cases like these. Doubtless many of the multitude who went down with the falling floor realized an unpleasant relief, in some respects, in finding themselves immersed in a huge bed of mortar; but the ludicrousness of their condition and the spoiling of new dresses was much less to be deplored than the broken bones and bruises from which they escaped. One of the journals of that day, in its remarks upon the occurrence, said that not in the same space on the field of Waterloo was there such an amount of aggravated suffering.

The trustees of the society, in a card issued on the following day, stated that the cause of the accident, in the opinion of builders and others, was inexplicable; yet it was believed, and generally acquiesced in, that a brick pillar, as one of the supports of the floor, was yet green in construction, with the mortar unhardened, and a piece of board, or chip, forced between the top of the pillar and the beam supported, acted as a wedge, in crushing the support when the pressure upon it became great. One of the sufferers describes the sensation as not unlike the giving way of a tough sheet of ice with a gradual sinking, and little or no crash, the beam being broken off near the centre, with the end upon the wall adhering to its place. This kept some from falling to the bottom of the cellar, while in one instance, at least, a broken leg received two fractures corresponding with the edges in the width of the timber—one just below the knee, and the other near the ankle. The other clergymen were present and took part in the exercises before the accident. Rev. Rev. Enoch Mudge and Rev. Daniel Webb, the last named being at that time the publishing agent of Zion's Herald. Neither of them appears to have been injured.

In the changes which have rapidly been going on at the North End, the union of two societies in one, and the purchase of the house of the Unitarian society on Hanover Street, caused the sale of the Bennet Street house to the Free Will Baptists; and now it is in the possession of a Catholic society of Portuguese. There were comparatively few, but a small number of foreigners in the city at that time, but now the old resident population in that section have nearly all gone. The two Methodist churches, and the preaching place in the Franklin school-house at the South End, not including those for colored persons, of which there were about the same number then, as now, have grown into some thirty churches, chapels, and other places of worship in the enlarged city territory; yet in the territory which has been annexed, it is believed that at that time there was one church only in Charlestown and one in Dorchester. The increase would appear, then, to have been some six-fold, which is in about the same proportion with the population of the enlarged city.

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

BY DR. E. TOURJEE.

The intellect keeps the door of the emotions, and every visitor must seek admission from this sleepless porter, or seek in vain. In other terms, thought always precedes feeling. I take in hand a book. It is written in a language that I do not understand. Its contents, therefore, awaken no activity in my mind, however interesting they may be to one who knows the significance of the characters employed, and I am not moved. I open another, written in my own language. The thoughts of the author are at once more or less distinctly mirrored in my own mind. If new, they deal with a subject suited to produce such a result. I am affected by them as soon as they are comprehended. The degree to which I am affected, other things being equal, depends upon the forcefulness of the language in which the author has expressed himself.

The process is similar when an appeal to the emotions is made by means of the art of painting. A picture whose "idea" the spectator cannot discover, does not touch his feelings. It is to him what the foreign book is to me. But let it be interpreted to him, and, as his mind grasps its import, he responds to the will of the cunning artist.

There are those who seem to regard music as beyond the reach of this law. It is not, however, as one clearly sees upon a minute's reflection. Music has a meaning, and therefore cannot impress until its meaning is understood. Why is this truth ignored? Ambitious candidates for the title of composers, heap together senseless medleys, upon which they hope to climb to eminence. Their efforts must be forever futile. They give nothing to the world, and therefore cannot expect anything in return.

They are not alone in error. Those who languidly listen to music without catching its rich revelations, and mistake this language for real sentiment, are equally deceived. Ask one of them to analyze a composition, if you wish to test the genuineness of his emotion. He hesitates, stammers, and treats you to a vague, general expression, which means nothing. If he were really moved, he would be able to give a reason for the influence of the music upon him. Let us have more sense in music, and we shall have more sentiment—pure, strong feeling—than which nothing is more grand or ennobling.

THE CHOICE.

Reb Ezra, mourning wild,
Above the body of his child,
His faith with fate unconquered,
Complained, and could not understand
Why death's relentless hand
A thousand common lives should spare
To snatch a life so fair.

"The old outlive the young;
The sweetest son is hushed ere he is sung;
The loveliest bud I've thought,
'Is come to naught;
The page of brightest promise falls unread;
Oh, cruel jest!' he said.

At last,
His soul flew back into the past,
Again he smiled above his new-born son,
And was aware of One
Who, standing by the cradle, spoke:
"This gift again I take
When but a few swift years are sped.
Now choose! the Presence said:
'Since by the changeless, fathomless decree,
This blither loss must be,
Were it not better I should touch
The child, and mark its lot if grow to such
As, losing, thou wouldst mourn too much?"

"Or shall I cower it with my rarest crown
Of glory, to bring down
A deeper shadow when it fades
Than comes from shades?
So wouldst thou have—and miss—
The greater bliss!"

"Nay!" cried Reb Ezra; "since this grace
Rides but so little space,
Keep the bright gift of treasures manifold
That heaven doth hold;
But pour the brightness of all spheres
Into my child's few years,
That I may drink of joy's full measure first,
Though afterwards I thirst!"

The vision fled.
Reb Ezra was alone beside his dead;
And, while afire with grief,
Praised God, with tears, that such a child
Had lived!

MY MINISTERS' FIRST CALLS.

BY J. F. T.

My grandfather, some forty or fifty years ago, loved and entertained the Methodist preachers on their circuits, away over the seas in old Ireland. When my father made his home in the Bay State, his Church home was the Pleasant Street Methodist Church, in the pleasant city where I am writing. He remained a member till called up higher, and left in the old Church all his family but one. So when I left the home-nest for one of my own, I too, received calls occasionally from the pastors of the "peculiar people, zealous of good works."

But if first impressions are the true ones, alas for me! For never did the new minister call, but I was "up in beams." The first I think of was Brother D—, an earnest young preacher, who made it a rule to visit his people. One morning, I had just finished sweeping the parlor, and everything was upset, when I heard a knock at the door. After taking the towel off my head, I opened it. "Good morning, Sister Landers," said in walked the Rev. Brother D., and took a seat on the dusty sofa. "How goes the battle?" I answered him. "Gaining slowly," though I couldn't help noticing the dust on his coat-sleeve. A pleasant conversation followed, with a brief prayer, in which everything was forgotten save the battle and the victory. His visit ended me wonderfully.

Next came Brother M., a real home-body. This time a baby was with us to welcome him. I was talking to the baby, and ironing, when he made his first call. "Was chilly in the parlor, and so I brought him right into the kitchen. He made Mamie's acquaintance, talked awhile about Church affairs, and I really enjoyed his call, though I thought the clothes-frame and ironing-board never took up so much room before. I wonder if he enjoyed it?"

Then came Brother W. This time I was cleaning the spare bed-room, and I had coaxed Cousin George into white-washing the kitchen ceiling; so when mother, who had run in a few minutes before, opened the door to admit our caller, he had a full view of the cleansing process. The ceiling was partly white-washed; so were George's clothes and the floor (in spots). "Fanny, here is Brother W.," said my mother, coming to the door where I was lacking down the matting. "O dear me!" I exclaimed, as I slipped off my soiled dress, and into a clean one. (I never thought of sending the "Not at home," or "very busy"—the excuse so common nowadays. When a person takes the trouble to call, why not trouble ourselves a little to receive them? What if in my haste the overskirt wasn't looped just right, or my ribbon wasn't tied just pretty? I don't believe he noticed it, and I forgot all about it. Kindness was written all over the strong, fair face. He didn't stay long. He noticed the children, gave me a cordial invitation to the parsonage, and when I returned to finish the room after he had gone, I said to mother, "I think I shall like him." I've spent many hours since under his instruction, and haven't changed my opinion.

And now the last, but not least. Another baby had come, and I hadn't seen the new minister; so I suppose he thought he would look up the absent ones. It was the day before the glorious Fourth. Baby was fretful all the morning, and after getting him asleep after dinner, I began to iron Mamie's best white dress. I hadn't laid finished it when the bell rang.

As I passed through the room to open the door, I caught a glimpse of a flushed, tired face above a calico dress and gingham apron. "I wonder who it is?" Maybe some canvasser or book agent? I thought, as I glanced through the glass panel. A gentleman in an alpaca coat and brown straw hat stood on the steps.

"Does Mr. Landers live here?"
"Yes, sir."
"Can I see him?"
"No, sir, he isn't in; he will be here at ten o'clock."
"Are any of them at home?"
"There's only one resides here. His brother lives down the street a short distance."

"Well!"—he stopped a moment, a puzzled look on his face. "Is his wife at home?"
"Why, I am his wife!"
He almost laughed. "I am the A—Street minister."

"Mr. H.!" I exclaimed; "walk in." An apology on my part, an explanation on his, followed. After a quiet, serious talk, an earnest, believing prayer, and a kind good-by, he was gone.

I came back to my work. The irons were cold, the dress as dry as a chip, but I didn't mind. I was still under the influence of that prayer. When my husband came home, I told him I had received a call from Brother H. "How do you like him?"
"Very well, but Ned, he took me for the servant!" and I told him our introduction.

"What! can't you keep up the style of the house better than that?" he asked, laughing.
"Well, I didn't look much like the lady of the house that time, and I was stupid not to understand."
"Oh, he is excused then?"
"Of course."

Now, just a word to the ministers, who have received new appointments. There is more good done sometimes by a chat in the sitting-room, than an eloquent sermon in the pulpit; and a prayer in the family often does more real good than a dozen in the prayer-meeting. So, make calls, when you can consistently with your many duties. Anyhow, make calls!

THE WATER LILY.

Down in the depths of the river near the shore where the mud and slime were not swept away by the current, grew a humble plant. The flags pressed about it, and thrust their leaves like green swords through the water up into the brightness and pure air, and the eelgrass made a tangled network above it. No one expected the little plant to amount to much.

But lying there in the ooze, it thought: "The water is luminous over

my head. There is more brightness above than I have had. The flags and the rushes swaying and fluttering up there whisper together of the warm south wind, the gray clouds, and the glory of the sun. If I only could rise! If I only could!"

By-and-by the plant sent forth a leaf, an odd, round thing like a fan, and slowly it lifted the leaf on the summit of its flexible stem, toward the surface of the water, until it stood upon the water. "Ho! Ho!" laughed the pollwogs, "concocting by what a drollist! When it gets to the surface, and we are frogs, 'twill be a fine feat for us while we sing, 'Trick-a-trix, Trick-a-trix,' and our old papa plays the trombone."

"Pray, don't be too pushing," said the duckweed. "You're as well off as the rest of us. A plant of your condition ought to be modest. Don't be too pushing; no good will come of it."

The humble plant gave no heed to its neighbors' comments, but patiently lifted the round leaf a little higher each day. One morning it felt a strange electric thrill. The leaf had reached the surface of the river, and the sun shone upon it; and the tall flags parted a little to make room, while they whispered kindly, "Good morning, neighbor."

Soon the humble plant found a round, green ball in its bosom. "Ab! this is a bud," it said to itself. "It shall go up to my happy leaf, and there expand the loveliness I know is hidden within it."

Patience as it had lifted the leaf, the plant lifted the bud toward the sunshine. The dreamy summer days went by, and at last the round bud opened its sepals, and like a radiant, golden-hearted star of snow, a blossom lay upon the river and looked into the sky. The red-winged blackbirds flitted to and fro among the flags, sang of it; the south wind breathed a spicy fragrance; the tall flags whispered: "How beautiful! how beautiful!" and the hope of the humble plant was fulfilled.

Bertram Krause, the son of a poor laborer, his father wanted him to become a smith.

"Ab! now, if Bertram could shoe an ox, or mend a cart-wheel, that's all I'd ask," he would say.

But Bertram had different aspirations for himself. He wished to become an artist and paint great pictures like those in the cathedral, into which he often stole to dream and hope.

With a bit of charcoal he could sketch anything, and the lads thought it fine sport to be his models; but his father declared such idling wicked, and said: "Who are you, Bertram Krause, to despise honest work such as your father has done all his life? You will never be worth your salt."

One day, Bertram went to the river bank to cut flags. He worked industriously all the morning, and at noon, when he sat down upon the shore to eat his bread and cheese, he was hot, and after he had eaten he stretched himself upon the grass and fell asleep. When he awoke the first thing he saw was a water-lily shining white among the flags.

"Hurrah!" he cried, "Hurrah! a water-lily!" and quickly springing up, he waded into the water and picked it. With the blossom came the long, trailing stem, the mud and slime still clinging to it. "This beauty is lovely both," he thought, as he smelled its spicy fragrance, and with that thought a plan and a hope came into his mind.

His mother was a quiet woman, who had learned to watch and wait, and she sympathized with him, and encouraged his dreams. To her he went with the plan, and she procured for him a sheet of coarse paper and some crayons.

With all the skill he had, he drew a sketch of the river, the flags and the water lily amidst them, and when it was done he carried it tremblingly to a great artist in the city.

Years rolled away, and at the yearly art exhibition at Munich a picture appeared representing a summer sky, a tangle of reeds and flags, a stretch of sullen river, and upon the grassy bank a ragged, barefoot boy, who was holding a water lily, at which he gazed with a look of love and joy.

"That," said an artist, "is by the celebrated Bertram Krause, and is called 'The Dawn of Hope!'"—Selected.

OUR MOTHERS.

HOW ONE MOTHER TRAINED HER LITTLE GIRL.

"Maybe I am foolish, Mrs., but ever since my little one was given me, I have loved to kiss the little baby hands as well as the baby lips. I used to lay the soft little pink palms upon my mouth and kiss them till my baby laughed."

"As she grew older I still kept up the custom, and when night came and undressing her I failed to kiss the little hands, Amy knew that it was because they were not quite clean from naughtiness. If they had been lifted in anger during the day, if they had struck at nurse or a little playmate, mamma could not kiss them because they were not clean. And to miss the kiss was very hard for my baby, I assure you. It was the same with the little lips. If a naughty word had escaped them—I mean wilfully naughty words—or if my little girl had not spoken quite the truth during the day, I could not kiss the lips; although I always kissed her on cheek and forehead, never allowing her to go unloved to bed. But she cared more for kisses on hands and lips than for anything else in the world, I believe—my loving little Amy! And gradually the naughty ways were done away with, and each night my baby would say, 'Tea haanies tea haanies, mamma! Tea haanies tea haanies!'"

"And even now—though she is five years old—I keep up a custom which she has known from her birth, because I think it helps her to try to be good. You will laugh, maybe, Mrs., but I do want my little girl to grow up pure and sweet; and if the love of mamma's kisses can keep by God's help, the little hands, lips and heart, clean, I think I shall continue the custom until Amy is old enough to understand fully things too hard for her as yet."

My own eyes were tearful when Mrs. Horton's sweet voice ceased, and I envied little Amy her beautiful young mother's companionship. Did I think I a foolish idea? Ab, no indeed! But the truest, sweetest custom in the world—keeping her small hands clean for mamma's good-night kiss; and

that is why Sallie Jones was not "paid in her own coin," as the saying is. That is why the sweet lips made no angry reply. Mamma's kiss was too precious a thing to be given up of evil speaking. Dear Little Amy!—MART D. BRINE, in May Little Awake.

EVA.

[AGED EIGHT YEARS.]
BY ELEANOR S. DEANE.

To our dwelling came an angel,
All unseen by mortal eyes,
Touched the foot of gentle Eva,
Bade her sweet thoughts heavenward rise.

Then our darling's cheek grew paler:
Busy fingers dropped—and dropped;
Feet that used to trip so lightly,
Slowly paced, or crept—and stopped.

"Jesus loves me," sing I, mother!
I've tried to sing, I said,
And the angel hovered nearer,
Still unseen, above her bed.

"Father's in the happy country,
Little cousin's gone that way;
They will know me, I shall know them;
Mother, help me now to pray."

"Say 'Our Father' for me, mother,
I'm so weak—and He will hear.
He will know 'tis I that mean it,
He will listen, He's so near."

Eva's eyes grew larger, brighter;
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Falling lashes veiled their radiance—
God His "little one" doth keep.

We are sitting in the shadow,
Gone from us the "light of home";
She, in pure and fadless glory,
Shines where sorrows never come.

FUN AND FACT.

... A man recently knocked down an elephant, a lion, and a rhinoceros. He was an auctioneer.

... St. Bernard puts it well when he says, "Humility is of all graces, the chiefest when it doesn't know itself to be a grace at all."

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unaware
Out of all manner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds,
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

... A young woman applying for the situation of governess to a large school, being questioned by the clergyman as to her qualifications, replied: "I ain't much of an arithmeticker; but I'm an el'gant grammarian."

... Junior clerk: "Would you kindly permit me to absent myself to-morrow to attend my father's funeral?" Head of firm (deep in figures): "You may go. Hawkins, but pray—do not let this happen again!"

"The wish falls often warm upon our heart that I may learn nothing here that I cannot continue in the other world; that I may do nothing here but deeds that will bear fruit in heaven."—Richter.

We need as much the cross to bear,
As air to breathe, or light to see;
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,
And leads us to our Father in Thee!

All earthly ills are vanquished,
Through Him who on the cross hath died.

"What's your occupation, bub?" asked a visitor at the Capitol of a bright boy he met in the corridor. The boy happened to be a page in the House. "I'm running for Congress, sir," he replied.

"Where was Bishop Latimer burned to death?" asked a teacher, in a command-jug voice. "Joshua knows," said a little girl at the bottom of the class. "Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows, he may tell." "In the fire," replied Joshua, looking very grave and wise.

"Suffering well borne is better than suffering removed. When we reach the blessed garden above, we shall find that out of the very bruises and wounds over which we wept and groaned on earth, have sprung verdant branches, bearing most precious fruit for eternity."—Bushnell.

THE BURNT OFFERINGS.
Is there a man on earth, every night,
When the day hath exhausted each strong
Lays him upon his bed in chamber dim,
And his heart straightway trembling with
delight,
Begins to burn up towards the vaulted
height
Of the great peace that overshadows him?
Like flakes of fire his thoughts within him
swim,
Upon whose top a sacrifice he lies,
Burning to God, up through the night's still,
Whose love, warm-brooding o'er him, kindles
and wins,
Until his flaming thoughts, consumed, ex-
pires, ashes covering the yet glowing fire.
George MacDonald.

... At one school a little deaf-mute boy was asked to show his skill in the use of the English language on his slate, and he wrote: "A man ran from court. He is a coward."

... Pat applied for a ticket to "New York," at the Providence station the other day. "Shore line?" said the ticket clerk. "Shore line! What'd I be takin' a line as wasn't shore for?" "Shore, I said shore; or shore." "Shore; to be sure I do; I'm not going to say at all, indeed; dye think I'm after a shoreline passage, an' not acquainted with a railroad cab!"—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

... The discouraged collector again presented the little matter. "Well," says his friend, "you have got round and round it, but you haven't got square." "Yes," says the fellow, with the account in his hand, "but I want to get square."

Sweet are familiar songs, though music dies
Her hollow shell in Thought's forlornest
And sweet, tho' said the sound of midnight
bells,
When the open casement with the night rain
drips.

... To have our hearts balanced on God
as their centre, and so balanced that under
the ruler touches of temptation they may
be moved to and fro like nicely poised
stones of the Druids, but like those stones
always return to their rest, that is to be
blessed indeed—to be blessed like the Psalmist, who said after some rough onset of Satan, "I shall not be greatly moved."—Leighton.

A MAY-FLOWER.
The haunting spirit of the May
Inhabits all the woodland ways—
A subtle presence in the air,
A fiercer quickening everywhere,
A revivings of the royal days
That even now are drawing near.
When earth puts on her robe of praise,
When perfect buds are ready for the ear,
And heavy hearts are glad and gay.

The dead leaves lie beneath my feet,
But here and there come pushing through
The lovely hints of future bloom:
Young shoots that wear an olive gleam
Above their green, so fresh and new;
And some are tipped with rose and pearl.
And here in the old rendezvous,
All blushing like a startled girl,
I find, at last, a May-flower sweet.

I spare it with a reverent hand,
Far in its sheltered nook to hide;
It seems a consecrated thing,
This first fair blossom of the spring,
More dear to me than all the pride
That summer's lavish beauty gives
When every sense is satisfied;
A grace of soul within it lives—
A charm too deep to understand!
—Sunday Afternoon, for May.

... It is told of the late Dr. William Hamilton of Brighton, that one day he went into the town to buy a fish. The fishmonger was a female member of the Society of Friends. Having made his purchase, he requested her to send it to his house. "What is thy address?" asked she. He replied, "Direct to the Reverend William Hamilton, at such a place. She hesitated a little, and then, taking a card and pen and ink, she handed them to him and said, "Perhaps thou wilt reverence thyself."

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

"WHO'LL TAKE THE BROKEN ONE?"

BY ELLEN C. THOMPSON.

Four little mugs! from one, alas!
The china handle gone,
Four little boys and girls were asked,
"Who'll take the broken one?"

The question scarce was put, before
One voice was heard alone,
The others sighed, but Minnie said,
"I'll take the broken one!"

If, after life, bright crowns be given
For loving deeds we've done,
For Minnie's pure, unselfish love
There'll be no "broken one!"

HOW THE STOREKEEPER GREW RICH.

"Oh, say, Archie," said little Bessie Bradley, one rainy morning. "Let's play store."

"Well! I'll be the storekeeper," said Archie. "Just as the man always does, you know. As if women and girls couldn't keep all the stores in the world."

"No. I want to be storekeeper," said Bessie. "Cause I promised first." "Aw, Bessie, women don't be storekeepers. They

<p>50 Boxed Cards, with name, 10c. Sent offer free. Mrs. W. W. GARDNER, Lynn, Mass. 248</p>	<p>FRANCIS BROWN, Treasurer, Salem, Mass. 578</p>
<p>50 Elegant Mixed Cards, with name, 10c. Agent's outfit 10c. Seavy's, Boston, Northford, Ct. 322</p>	<p>\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth free. Address STUBBS & CO., Port land, Maine. 294</p>

fatal spot, where the sting, but without the poison. Ah! wisdom shall reveal souls, of how many. Said, Poisoned by the flowers!

THE WEEK.

The public debt was reduced during the month of April \$3,058,565.

The new Gilbert Elevated Railway has been formally opened in New York city.

President Hayes has consented to attend the Decoration Day ceremonies at Gettysburg, Pa.

The Union, Rhine and Elmira Railroad was sold at auction last week to its English bondholders.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued a 50th call for the redemption of 5-20s, bonds of 1863. The amount called for is \$5,000,000.

The famine in North China has become so terrible that the wretched sufferers are endeavoring to prolong life by resorting to cannibalism.

During the twelve months ending March 31, the aggregate value of exports from this country exceeded the imports by the unprecedented amount of \$200,000,000.

A faction riot occurred in Montreal, on the 24th ult., between Orangemen and Roman Catholics, resulting in the death of one man, and the wounding of three others.

Two hundred and sixty-five petitions in bankruptcy were filed in Chicago last month. The total amount involved was \$13,072,403, of which only \$1,200,000 represented secured debts.

A company of twelve Southern congressmen came to this city last week as guests of the Commercial Club. They visited the principal places of interest, and expressed great pleasure at the courtesies and hospitality shown to them.

The famous firm of E. Remington & Co., of Bridgeport, Conn., is financially embarrassed, owing to delay in payments by the Egyptian and Mexican governments. Their liabilities are \$1,000,000 and their assets \$4,000,000. They will doubtless succeed in arranging with their creditors.

The syndicate is having remarkable success with the sale of the 4-1/2 per cent. One million of these popular bonds were sold on the 1st, and a call has been made on the Treasury for another installment—the June option of \$5,000,000. At this rate the entire fifty millions will soon be taken, and the Secretary will be prepared to resume.

Congress made slow work with legislation last week. The Senate amended the Bankruptcy repeal act by providing that the repeal should date from Jan. 1, 1879. The House agreed to the abolition of the Fourth and Fifth Auditors of the Treasury, passed the bill appropriating \$75,000 for the schools in the District of Columbia, and the Indian Appropriation bill, and discussed the Legislative, Judicial and Executive bill.

A terrible explosion and fire occurred at Minneapolis on the 24th, attended with loss of life and destruction of property. The explosion occurred in a flour mill, and was caused, it is supposed, by the ignition of the fine dust produced in milling. The building was a large stone structure—was destroyed, together with two other mills, a planing mill, an elevator, and 1,000,000 feet of lumber. Other mills were seriously damaged. The shock of the explosion was felt at St. Paul, nine miles away. Fourteen persons were killed, and the property loss is estimated at over \$1,000,000.

A genuine sensation was excited last week by the arrival of the steamer *Cintra*, of the Hamburg line, at Southport Harbor, on the coast of Maine. It was ascertained that she had on board sixty Russian officers and 600 men, and that her destination was kept profoundly secret. A British consular and a rear-admiral of the Royal navy visited the place, and tried, without success, to get on board. A member of the Russian embassy also appeared on the scene. There is no reasonable doubt that this mysterious enterprise is a menace to British commerce in case of war.

John Morrissy, State senator of New York, died on the 1st inst. at Saratoga, at the age of 47. He was born in Ireland, and in his varied and eventful career was successively an iron worker, a pugilist, a liquor seller, a gambler, a Wall street speculator, a politician, and the keeper of a "first-class gambling hall." He was generous and true in his friendships, but these commendable qualities were weighed lightly against the violent passions and excesses of his early life, and his final destiny in the respectable one of the most insidious and corrupting vices that endanger society.

An uneasy feeling pervades some of our large cities, particularly New York, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco at the communitarian movements among the laboring classes. Great activity is shown by the agents of this organization in securing arms and carrying on secretly, military drills, with a view, it is said, to enforce the demands of the workmen at a strike which is contemplated. In Chicago great alarm is felt, and steps have been taken to meet the apprehended danger. The Board of Trade has voted \$3,500 for arming the police, and his 30,000 men have been armed with ammunition. Other cities will probably take similar precautions.

The Universal Exposition at Paris was formally opened, May 1st, with imposing ceremonies. The Marshal President was attended by the Prince of Wales, Prince Amadeus, the crown prince of Denmark and the Netherlands, and other personages of high rank. The latter exhibit compared favorably with that of the nations. The main building is 2,400 feet long and 840 wide. The east and west fronts have long machine galleries, 2,310 feet by 120. Each nation has a section by itself. Its articles are divided into nine groups, with a number of subdivisions: 1. Works of Art; 2. Education; 3. Furniture; 4. Textile Fabrics; 5. Mining Industries; 6. Mechanical Industries; 7. Agricultural Products; 8. Agriculture and Poultry; 9. Horticulture. The sum of \$300,000 will be awarded in prizes.

The prospects for peace in Europe are far from hopeful. Mr. Gladstone has denounced Lord Beaconsfield as a disturber of nations, and a man whose anti-war memorial has been presented to the Queen, signed by 17,000 persons, including many noblemen and members of the clergy; but on the other hand the Secretary for India, Mr. Gathorne Hardy (recently advanced to the peerage), and Mr. Cross, Home Secretary, have both made belittling speeches, and there is not the slightest pause in the preparations for war. Russia is evidently getting tired of England's attitude. Gen. Tolsien has been placed in command, and is ready to seize Constantinople at the first hostile movement. Italy and Austria are arming, the latter to occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina, the former to attack Albania. The real point of issue at present appears to be, the existence or nullity of the Treaty of Paris, which Russia is bound to destroy. Gortschakoff still continues to be ill, and Ignatieff has been made a minister without a portfolio.

GENERAL METHODIST ITEMS.

The house and land given by Thomas H. Suckley at Rhinebeck, N. Y., as a home for superannuated preachers of the New York Conference, are now ready for their reception.

The Methodist Church South has increased 350,000 members since the close of the war. The Washington Street M. E. Church of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., through the liberality of its members, has recently been relieved from a debt of \$12,000, which had been accumulating for some years past.

The Hon. Richard W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy, will deliver the address before the literary societies of Dickinson College during the next commencement.

During the ministry of Rev. G. E. Reid, five hundred persons have been added to the membership of Hanson Place M. E. Church of Brooklyn.

Central M. E. Church in New York city has greeted its new pastor, Dr. J. P. Newman, with congratulations completely filling the church. On the evening of April 16, the trustees gave him and his family one of the heartiest of "receptions" in the church parlors. A large company assembled. Bishop Harris, Dr. Fowler, and a large number of pastors, were present.

Rev. Dr. Willing, with the help of two missionary workers, organized Lincoln Street M. E. Church, Chicago, Sunday, April 21st. The society was formerly known as Deeper mission. It now consists of 84 members. A quarterly conference has been organized, consisting of six stewards, two class-leaders, Sunday-school superintendent and the pastor, Rev. G. T. Newman.

Sunday, 21st ult., a grand union service of all the Methodist Churches in the city of Cleveland was held at the Dean Tabernacle, which seats about 4,000 persons. The large audience was filled. The primary object of the meeting was to raise \$10,000 for the relief of Christ Church, C. W. Cushing, pastor. Bishop Simpson preached in the morning. More than half the amount asked was raised.

Rev. Dr. Whedon, editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, and editor of books published at our Book Concern, has returned to New York, after an absence of about three months, enjoying the milder climate of a Florida home.

Dr. J. H. McCarty received a deserved recognition and compliment in being elected by the Sunday-school Superintendents, and Teachers' Association of New Orleans as a delegate to the Atlanta Sunday-school Conference. He could not attend, however, for Ames has been enjoying a revival for several weeks. The Church is greatly moved, and much good has been accomplished.

Dr. Hanson, president of Pennington Seminary, sailed May 1, for a few weeks' European tour. During his absence Prof. J. E. Price will have charge of the institution.

APPOINTMENTS FOR THE N. E. EDUCATION SOCIETY FOR MAY 19.

COLLECTIONS IN THE N. E. CONFERENCE ORDERED FOR MAY 19.

LYNN DISTRICT.

Lynn—Common St., \$11; South St., \$12; St. Paul's, \$13; Boston St., \$14; Trinity, \$15; Maple St., \$16; North Ave., \$17; Broadway, \$18; Washington St., \$19; Church St., \$20; South Main St., \$21; Salem—Lafayette St., \$22; West Chapel St., \$23; South Main St., \$24; North Main St., \$25; South Main St., \$26; South Main St., \$27; South Main St., \$28; South Main St., \$29; South Main St., \$30; South Main St., \$31; South Main St., \$32; South Main St., \$33; South Main St., \$34; South Main St., \$35; South Main St., \$36; South Main St., \$37; South Main St., \$38; South Main St., \$39; South Main St., \$40; South Main St., \$41; South Main St., \$42; South Main St., \$43; South Main St., \$44; South Main St., \$45; South Main St., \$46; South Main St., \$47; South Main St., \$48; South Main St., \$49; South Main St., \$50; South Main St., \$51; South Main St., \$52; South Main St., \$53; South Main St., \$54; South Main St., \$55; South Main St., \$56; South Main St., \$57; 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